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BOOKS TO GIVE
THIS CHRISTMAS

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE European barometer has gone up with a rush this week. The British Government have taken the lead in a step of collective security, and the "international police force," comprising British, Italian, Czech, Russian and perhaps other contingents, should ensure confidence and order in the Saar plebiscite. Nor is this all. France and Germany have come to an amicable agreement about the transfer of the mines and other outstanding questions after the Saar has opted, as it probably will, for reunion with the Reich. The terms of the agreement solve at one stroke the payment for the mines, the French currency problem and the Saar debts. Finally, the German Government give assurances about the treatment of the minorities in the Saar. They include guarantees against victimisation, permission to emigrate for anyone who wishes to do so, and an understanding not to apply the "Aryan" laws in the Saar for at least a year. On the face of it, this is a very considerable concession: the only doubt is how far reliance can be placed on Nazi promises and how far Nazi leaders can, even if they will, control their irresponsible subordinates. In any case, internal Germany is likely to change materially after the Saar plebiscite: the Catholic controversy is damped down because of it, and we should not expect to see until the early part of next year the upshot of the rivalry between the Reichswehr and Storm Troops. For the moment, Hitler's dependence on the Reichswehr and the Right Wing elements is becoming more marked.

The Nazi Blight

The blight of Nazi crudity continues to devastate German culture, and it strikes with sure instinct at everything that has courage and sincerity, in music and architecture as in literature. Dr. Furtwängler, certainly the strongest personality and the finest musician among German "Aryan" conductors, held, up to this week, the position of general director of music in the Third Reich. No doubt he took this post in the hope at least of moderating the excesses of official nationalism and anti-Semitism. He was able to save several able Jewish executants from dismissal. Recently the Nazis made a series of evidently inspired attacks on Paul Hindemith, who is recognised as by far the most important of the young pioneering composers of Germany. The typically coarse attack in

Goebbels' paper the *Angriff*, besides describing him as a Jew, which as it happens he is not, sentenced him as a corrupt "un-German" artist to silence. Furtwängler made a dignified and uncompromising reply in the press. The final result is a wholesale "purge." Furtwängler has resigned all his posts—State opera, orchestra, and Chamber—and Hindemith his professorship, and with them go other "Aryans" less known abroad. One hopes that the music of other peoples may gain what the Nazis are wantonly sacrificing. This is sheer loss for Germany, but there may be gain in the dismissal of Brückner, the Storm Troop leader of Silesia. He was one of the Old Guard and a close associate of murderer Heines, who made of Breslau the worst Hell in the Third Reich. This action, whatever its inner meaning, is a gain for decency, and so is the act of dismissal without the usual accompaniment of murder.

The Leningrad Murder

It is many years since any prominent Bolshevik was assassinated in Russia. Kirov, who was shot in Leningrad last Saturday, is a serious loss to the dictatorship; he was an able and energetic man, a member of the "Politbureau" of the Communist Party, and in effect the ruler of Leningrad. About the assassin we know very little beyond his name and the fact that he was an employee of the "Workers' and Peasants' Inspectorate" (which was abolished early in this year). He is described officially as "an enemy of the working class"; but whether his crime was really a political or a personal affair, is not yet certain. It has been made the occasion for the round-up of a number of other alleged counter-revolutionaries, and of Soviet officials who have failed to safeguard order in Leningrad. The trials took place in secret (a decree restoring secrecy was issued on Tuesday), and death sentences were carried out immediately. A display of ruthlessness on the part of the Government was, of course, to be expected. But it will be deplorable if this murder results in the return of all the old methods of fear and terror from which the Soviet State was beginning to emerge.

The Armament Game

After a long cross-examination of witnesses at the Senatorial Arms inquiry, the chairman summed up by saying that the evidence meant that Mr. Hoover and a Committee of armament makers must be held to share responsibility for the failure of the Geneva Arms Conference of 1925. This is indeed a remarkable statement from a cautious, experienced and responsible person like Senator Nye. The fact is that he could draw no other inference from the evidence. It seems that a secret conference of arms makers in Paris decided that in each country pressure should be brought to bear on the Government to insist that certain promises should be made to the armament makers before the Governments ever met at Geneva. In the case of the United States the arms interests seem to have been astute enough to arrange that the U.S.A. should be represented at Geneva by a delegate, General Ruggles, who had asked Du Ponts, the armament makers, what they wanted before he went to Geneva, that Mr. Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, also met a Conference of Arms Manufacturers and consulted their wishes in regard to armament limitation and that Du Ponts, by a happy coincidence, gave a large sum of money to Republican funds. In effect we have evidence supplied by the arms manufacturers themselves that they formed a world arrangement to sabotage the Disarmament Conference of 1925 before it met. They succeeded.

Conservatives and India

Mr. Baldwin's overwhelming victory over India has at least this advantage—that India is not now likely to be an election issue and that the purely Constitutional question should be cleared out of the way for some years to come. Mr. Churchill, in his rhetorical outburst, referred to the uneducated millions of India—forgetting or ignoring the fact that their illiteracy and ignorance are nobody's fault but ours. His query whether parliamentary democratic institutions, managed by the men who will manage them, are the best way of promoting the welfare of the masses, is one that cannot be answered with easy confidence. But the alternative is the British Raj and until Indians feel that their destiny is in their own hands the real problems of India—social and economic—will remain untouched. The question now is whether the new Constitution can be made to work at all. Nationalist India is scarcely likely to agree with Lord Salisbury that the very drastic "safeguards" or limitations on self-government in the Constitution are a "strait-waistcoat of paper." But the path of wisdom for Indian leaders to-day is to show how far their protests are justified by using the Constitution for all it is worth. It may not be worth much: if not that will soon be apparent.

The Depressed Areas Bill

In the debate on the Depressed Areas Bill the Government's main desire seemed to be to protect itself against criticism by stressing the purely experimental character of the new scheme. Mr. Stanley again asserted that the £2,000,000 set aside for the Commissioners' use was not necessarily the full amount that the Government would be prepared to grant; but nothing in his speech held out the hope that the Commissioners were intended to occupy themselves with more than minor schemes of salvage. On the ground that the scheme was experimental, Mr. Stanley defended the exclusion of depressed areas not covered by the recent investigation. About the prospect of the Commissioners giving any substantial aid for the development of public works—which he persistently and tendentiously called "relief works"—he was exceedingly discouraging. In the debate the Labour Party pressed for a plan of a quite different order, based on a real attempt to develop national resources. But there was never any hope that the Government would consider such an idea; and consequently Mr. Stanley's speech damped a good many even of his Conservative supporters.

The Subsidy for Tramps

Mr. Runciman's subsidy in aid of tramp shipping has been substantially altered since it was first announced in July. Assistance is to be given to new building in the proportion of one new ship for every two, instead of three, broken up, and also for alterations to existing vessels. There is a none too clearly defined condition that owners of tramp shipping must take steps to limit internal competition, and that British shipowners must endeavour to secure international agreement for a limitation of tonnage and a modification of the policy of subsidies now in force

in a number of foreign countries. Failing some international agreement on this last point, Mr. Runciman threatens a possible resort to further subsidies. This stalwart champion of *laisser faire* can, of course, justify himself by pointing to subsidised foreign competition and to the general plight of the industry. But what shipping most needs is drastic reorganisation, and it is a sound principle that the voting of public money should be accompanied by effective public control.

Three Reports on Housing

The Ministry of Health issued this week the first of a series of periodical returns, dealing with housing activity. Since 1918 nearly two and a half million new houses have been built in England and Wales; and in 1918 there were about eight million houses in the country. Of the new houses about two-thirds have been provided by private enterprise, and about one-third by local authorities. During the past year the boom in private housing activity has produced over a quarter of a million new houses, of which about 93,000 are classed as "small houses," and about 28,000 only have been built to let. Over the same period public enterprise produced 49,000 houses to let with State assistance. Arrangements have been made for demolishing 73,000 slum houses; but so far only 27,000 houses have been built to replace those actually demolished. Nineteen thousand more are in course of construction. This return should be read in conjunction with the report published the previous day by the Building Industries National Council. This stresses the great increase in the building of small houses of low rateable value. The third report, which reaches us as we go to press and which we hope to discuss next week, is the work of P.E.P., the group of young "planners" that is tackling a number of social and economic problems. Their approach to the housing question is through the building industry, and their proposals should arouse interest.

Mr. Morrison and the Labour Party

Mr. Herbert Morrison is now the biggest "noise" in the Labour Party and with Putney suggesting that Labour is likely to approach, if not to win, a majority in the next Parliament, his utterances deserve an attention not usually accorded to ex-Ministers without a seat in Parliament. His speech last week to a meeting of the British Institute in Paris showed that he was not unconscious of the immediate problem of a Social Democratic Party which wants at the same time to carry out a programme of social reform and to pay attention to its promises of Socialism. How far, he asked, can a programme of social reforms, such as a strong Trade Union element in the Labour Party urge, be "applied without meeting grave budgetary or other financial problems?" Should the Labour Party put the "major emphasis on the socialisation of industry, with a view to the community becoming master of the financial and economic apparatus of society? That there is a tendency to this view among British Socialists cannot be disputed, and I have considerable personal sympathy with it myself." Many of Mr. Morrison's followers will regard this as an almost comically cautious and statesmanlike utterance. But we hope it means that he has really faced the danger of the Labour Party once again taking what will inevitably appear the easiest course and spending its money and its early energy on unconstructive and immediately popular eleemosynary measures. That is the way to kill Social Democracy. The next question is whether Mr. Morrison, who has a constructive as well as a cautious mind, has faced the implications of the alternative socialist policy. We hope to deal with these in next week's issue.

Lord Buckmaster and Lord Riddell

Lord Buckmaster will remain in our memories not so much as an orator, a distinguished lawyer, a politician, but as one of the finest representatives of that peculiarly British type—the independent Liberal willing to fight doughtily for any humanitarian cause that touched his sympathy, for divorce reform, for decent treatment for animals and birds, for refugees from tyranny, for the pedestrian harassed by the motorist. He was one of those rare people of whom it is true to say that everyone respected them. Lord Riddell, who died on the same day, will be generally remembered for two things. First, as the shrewd author of diaries which he had the wisdom not to "write up" and which therefore tell us a great deal about the behind-the-scenes aspect of the politics of the war and the aftermath. Secondly, as the founder of the greatest circulation, we suppose, in the world. The success of the *News of the World* was the result of Lord Riddell's early realisation that it was possible to take a Sunday paper into every village at an earlier hour than proprietors had hitherto imagined and that a very large part of the British public would find crime and sex (sentimentally and discreetly written up) the most suitable reading for Sunday mornings.

Euthanasia

According to the barbarous custom of this country, the judge had no alternative to putting on a black cap and condemning Mrs. Brownhill to be hanged by the neck until she was dead. And according to the humanitarian custom of this country the Home Secretary of course reprieved her. This seems a roundabout way of doing things. But no sane person would want the law to sanction private individuals in taking decisions of life and death into their own hands, even when the decision seemed as morally justified as it did in Mrs. Brownhill's case. The remaining question therefore is whether euthanasia by authorised persons under proper safeguards ought not to be legalised. Dr. Killick Millard, Medical Officer of Health for Leicester, has actually drafted a Voluntary Euthanasia Bill which would entitle a person suffering from an "incurable, fatal and painful disease" to apply for euthanasia. The application would have to be backed by two doctors and submitted to a special referee who, after satisfying himself about the conditions, would arrange for application for a permit to be made to a court of law. Mrs. Brownhill's case seems to make the consideration of such a bill appropriate and we should like to see the proposal introduced, preferably in the House of Lords. The views of doctors on the subject would be particularly interesting. Many of them to-day will admit in private that they do already in some cases mercifully shorten hopeless suffering. Ought they not to be able to do so legally when the patient and his relatives desire it?

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THE HUNGRY CHILD

THERE are few bluebooks that transcend in interest the Annual Report of the Chief Medical Officer of the Board of Education. Year by year it has matter of first-rate importance to the educationist and the doctor, the politician and the sociologist. For Sir George Newman is no dry-as-dust bureaucrat; he is a man with deep social sympathy, courage and imagination. No clearer proof of that could be found than the chapter on "Physical Education and Hygiene" in his report published this week (*The Health of the School Child*). Here he pleads, with passion and eloquence as well as with sense and knowledge, for a real physical training that may include games and gym and jerks, but shall not stop at them. He points to the concern of the dictatorships in Russia, in Germany, and in Italy for the physical culture of their youth; and he asks whether we are satisfied that our democratic State is alive to its responsibilities.

But there is another chapter dealing with a question of equal, and indeed more immediate, urgency, in which Sir George Newman falls sadly below his accustomed standard. Hunger is not the only evil that poverty brings in its train. Some may not think it the worst. But its continuance is a black mark against both our humanity and our common sense. Undernourished children in the schools are a moral disgrace to a civilised community; from a mere business standpoint money spent on feeding them will be a gain and not a loss. The Chief Medical Officer of the Board of Education knows all that. Yet his treatment of the matter is calculated to still rather than to stimulate the public conscience and action by Government. "The general health and nutrition of the population of England and Wales, taken as a whole," he says, "was well maintained in 1933, in spite of economic and social difficulties." He gives the reasons for that satisfactory state of affairs. He praises in particular, and quite rightly, the work of local education authorities and of the school medical service. And he concludes by warning us that present standards of health and nutrition can and should be improved. They most certainly should. But Sir George's report has got the emphasis wrong. His optimistic generalisation bulks large; his warning against complacency reads like a pious afterthought.

What do the figures show? During the past year 1,885,499 elementary school children were submitted to "routine" inspection, and 1,239,427 were referred to the doctor on "special" grounds. Over 20,000, or 1.1 per cent., were found to be "malnourished and requiring treatment," and nearly 24,000 "undernourished and requiring observation." In some areas the percentage was deplorably high—3.7 per cent. in Whitehaven, for instance, and 5.7 per cent. in Pontypridd. In London, 4.7 per cent. were found "poorly nourished." This, we are glad to know, is the lowest figure ever attained in London; and we hope that as a result of the establishment of the new "nutritional centres," decided upon by the L.C.C. this week, it will come down substantially next year. But let us return to the national total. It is unnecessary to discuss the precise distinction between "malnourished" and "undernourished." There are, in fact, 44,000 school children found by official examination to be suffering from hunger (including under that term cases where the mischief is not lack of food to fill the belly, but lack of the proper kind of food).

But this is not all. There is a wealth of evidence to show that the figure of 44,000 is a gross underestimate of the number of undernourished children, and that Sir George Newman's happy conclusion about the nutrition of the people in general is much too happy. A great deal of that evidence has been put before the Unemployment Assistance Board by the Children's Minimum Committee and by the Standing Joint Committee of Industrial Women's Organisations. Careful investigation by both these bodies goes to show that undernourishment, alike of children and of adults, is far more prevalent than appears on the surface. They point to the absence of any satisfactory uniform standard for the school doctors' diagnosis of malnutrition. Two equally honest medical men may come to different conclusions. Again, the effects of underfeeding may be delayed. As Sir George Newman himself wrote in his report in 1931: "A diet may be defective and yet, if sufficient in amount, may satisfy children's appetites, leaving no craving behind, and may maintain apparently normal vigour for a considerable time. The inevitable results of such a diet are, however, ultimately to be seen in its failure to promote a full measure of growth, in lessened immunity to disease, in the presence of some form of 'deficiency' disease." There is also the question of the many mothers who, it is a matter of common knowledge, are starving themselves in order to feed their children. That, it is true, does not directly concern the school doctors, nor does it concern Sir George Newman as C.M.O. of the Board of Education. But it does concern him as C.M.O. of the Ministry of Health, and as a man. As for the argument that there are other causes of malnutrition besides insufficient food, it is doubtless true. But those other causes are themselves mainly, if not entirely, the effects of poverty. And "parental inefficiency" in particular—bad cooking or bad marketing—while it may be a sound reason for better education in food-values and in cookery, is no reason at all for visiting the sins of the mothers on the children.

What then is wanted? The answer is, in one word, a bolder and more generous policy. Generosity in this case does not mean "being kind to the poor." The elimination of hunger is something more than eleemosynary socialism. If our society cannot, or will not, assure an honest workman an adequate family wage, or indeed any wage at all, may he not ask, as a matter of bare justice, that it shall at least give his children their ration of bread and meat and milk? And if it be said that this is already being done, through school feeding or public assistance, the reply is that it is done in a niggardly and inadequate fashion, that school feeding ought to be extended, widely and promptly, and the school milk allowance increased. To those who demur on the ground of expense, we repeat that a penny of public expenditure now will save several pence in the future. Not merely disease, but debility and industrial inefficiency are costly to the community.

The policy of our present rulers is both mean and short-sighted. It is well illustrated by the recent circular of the Board of Education, which aims at restricting the supply of free milk, as well as of other food, in the schools. The selection of the children, it is laid down, is to be

made by the medical officers; and education authorities will no longer be within their rights, it seems, in including children recommended for the feeding list by mere laymen, such as teachers or school attendance officers who have judged them to be undernourished, or in putting them on the list automatically on an "income basis." This reactionary step is not inspired by the doctors. The British Medical Association, which may be presumed to voice their general view, protests against the onus being placed entirely on the school medical officer. It is melancholy to read Sir George Newman's defence, half-hearted though it is, of such a policy. There is no more doubt in his mind than in that of any other sane person about the value of milk to a child. Nor surely can he regard the present scheme, welcome though it is as a beginning, as adequate either in the quantity of milk it allows to each child or in the number of children to whom it is given. "The provision of school meals," he writes to-day, "was never meant to be a mere form of poor relief." We hope he will live to write in another report: "The provision of school meals (including more milk for all the children) is meant to be one of the bases of a healthy nation."

THE LAVAL-HITLER MATCH

NEARLY a month has passed since M. Doumergue left Paris for Tournefeuille, followed by the blessings and incantations and *au revoirs* of all the Fascist organisations and of a substantial part of the Paris press. It was really not until that memorable demonstration of the Croix de Feu and Jeunesses Patriotes outside his house in the Avenue Foch on Armistice Night that people fully understood what an enormous service Herriot had rendered the poor old Third Republic by putting an end to the Doumergue regime. That night Doumergue waved the Fascist beret at the patriots outside his window, and then had a long heart-to-heart talk with Colonel de La Rocque, the leader of the Croix de Feu. After their meeting, La Rocque informed the press that *he had often seen M. Doumergue before, that the Croix de Feu would continue to keep in touch with him*, and that they were confidently looking forward to the day when Doumergue "would save France for the second time." Such was the Grand Old Man who was going to save French democracy with the aid of the wireless —*n'est-ce pas*, Vernon Bartlett?—and with the help of the Fascist troops.

And now Doumergue is back at Tournefeuille, and no one is worrying any more about him.

I don't know how the Flandin Government is going to work out in the end, but Flandin is, at any rate, not working hand-in-hand with the Fascists; and the artificially stimulated rumours of civil war, which were used with such effect in the days of Doumergue, have stopped completely. Henri de Kerillis tried to keep it up for a bit, but even the readers of the *Echo de Paris* got rather tired, and he had to drop it. As for some of the other papers, they stopped shedding tears over Doumergue as soon as the secret cash box had passed into other hands.

The Flandin Government is a normal parliamentary government; and Parliament was so relieved by Doumergue's departure that it became very *sage* indeed. It decided to show that it could work without being threatened and bullied. The budget discussions are now conducted in a businesslike atmosphere, and without any loss of time, and the more sensible points of Doumergue's programme of parliamentary reform are being quietly adopted on a mere show of hands, without any outside pressure, and without any spectacular excursions to Versailles. Flandin feels that if Parliament wishes, of its own free will, to improve its method of work, so much the better, though, for his own part, he has declared himself to be more interested in the economic crisis than in parliamentary reform. Whether his economic programme will do much to improve economic conditions in France is still hard to say; but by being *both* free trade and protectionist, by advocating *both* free competition and a little state control, and by being *neither* deflationist *nor* inflationist, it has the advantage of more or less suiting everybody's taste—which is always something. And when Flandin thereupon proceeds to reorganise the wheat market, and promises to bring the loaf down by a penny or two—"our Christmas present for the poor children"—people begin to wonder whether he is not, after all, trying to do something that Doumergue never tried.

There have lately been some rumours that the Government was not pulling well together, that it was "practically" falling to pieces, and that Laval was trying to collar the Premiership. All this is empty talk, and there is, for the present, no reason why the Government should not last. The only fundamental —but not open—conflict within the Government is over foreign policy. Herriot, in particular, is greatly alarmed by Laval's deviations from the right path—the path mapped out by Herriot himself and by the late Louis Barthou. Laval's policy, we are told, is not only different from the policy of Barthou, but it also lacks "drive" and "style." Writing in *Izvestia* the other day, Radek complained that France was no longer *leading*, but *manoeuvring*.

The great quarrel in France to-day is no longer over home politics, but over foreign policy. In this matter there are different schools of thought. There is what may be called the Herriot-Barthou school which holds that the one and only object of Hitler's policy is the destruction, the annihilation, the *Vernichtung* of France. Did he not say so in *Mein Kampf*? And is not *Mein Kampf*—as Franklin-Bouillon declared in the Chamber last Friday—still the prescribed text-book of every German? Such being the case, France can prevent war only by consolidating her alliances and by making friends with every country in Europe which has reason to fear the expansionism of the Third Reich. What is needed is an Entente Cordiale with Britain; a generous agreement with Italy as soon as circumstances permit; a military entente—not to say an alliance—with Russia; the consolidation of a vast security and anti-war bloc in the East, stretching from the Gulf of Finland to the Aegean, and comprising the Little Entente, the Baltic and Balkan States, Russia and Turkey. If, squeezed between Germany on the one side and this vast security bloc on the other, Poland chooses to opt for Germany —well, so much the worse for her. The mad dog must be muzzled.

The diametrically opposite policy is advocated by some of the Fascist ex-Servicemen and by a few cranks in the Neo-Socialist Party. The campaign in favour of a direct Franco-German entente—a campaign which was non-existent in the days of Barthou—has been extremely active during the past few weeks. It started with that famous interview in the *Matin* on November 19th, which Hitler gave to Jean Goy and another person called Monnier. Goy is one of the leaders of a reactionary ex-servicemen's organisation; he was also one of the heroes of the February riots, and for weeks afterwards he would strut about the Chamber with a huge turban of a bandage round his head. As for Monnier, he is a Paris town councillor. In the Chamber last Friday Franklin-Bouillon read out a number of legal documents about a certain financial scandal. These documents, he said, clearly suggested that Monnier was hardly the right person for representing France in any direct talks with Hitler. Whereupon Goy rather apologetically explained that he knew nothing about Monnier's financial affairs, but that this gentleman was well known "dans le monde ancien combattant." To which a bright Communist remarked: "Qu'est-ce que le monde ancien combattant? Ce sont des banquiers?"—quite a profound remark when one considers that the Fascists in France, and the people behind them, invariably speak in the name of the

"ex-servicemen." Almost every piece of free or paid, usually paid, pro-German propaganda begins with the words: "Speaking as an ex-serviceman. . . ." One of these people frankly explained to me that, being in need of expansion, Germany had better expand towards the East rather than towards the West. They try to overlook the objection that after her conquests in the East, Germany may feel strong enough to turn towards the West.

Laval is wavering and manoeuvring somewhere between these two policies. He is hesitating to strengthen the bonds with Russia whose military strength, he believes, should not be over-estimated. For the present he has put forward a modified version of the Eastern Pact proposal, and is urging Poland and Germany to join it. "We don't want words from Hitler, but deeds," he says. Only one may doubt whether he really expects Germany or even Poland to join the Pact. At the same time there is no indication of what he will do if the Pact proposal fails. Perhaps he has not considered the question himself. Only, in the meantime, Russia and the Little Entente are becoming greatly alarmed by his apparent indecision, and expecially by his tendency to flirt with Germany. He says that Germany cannot be excluded from any "organisation of security"; and he is trying to induce her to enter this organisation. "After that," he says, "we can discuss armaments—though we cannot accept the *fait accompli* of Germany's rearmament. Only please let not Germany aggravate the difficulties by pushing ahead with this rearmament of hers." And when Ribbentrop—who is a propagandist and not a diplomat at all—comes to Paris to "strengthen the bonds" between the French and German ex-servicemen, Laval receives him at the Quai d'Orsay and listens patiently for an hour or more to his pidgin French. These conversations with Ribbentrop may not amount to much, but they worry the Russians and the Little Entente, who wonder what is really at the back of it. Will Laval, they ask, enter into direct talks with Germany instead of pushing the Eastern Pact plan, despite the assurances which he is said to have given to Russia that there will be no "direct talks" with Germany as long as there is still hope for the Pact?

Perhaps the Saar is the key to the Laval mystery. The truth is that Laval does not want to be bothered with the Saar. "It must stop being a point of friction between France and Germany, and must, under no circumstances, be allowed to become a cause of war next January. The plebiscite must be as smooth as possible. France has no claim in the Saar; and even if, after the plebiscite, the Nazis choose to massacre some Socialists and Communists and Jews—well, it will be their own look out. France is not going to start a war for their sake. If the Germans pay us something for the mines, so much the better. It is true that Roechling said that we wouldn't get a farthing; but, considering our friendly disposition, surely Hitler wouldn't be so mean!" That is, roughly, Laval's attitude to the Saar. Whether his "pro-German" policy is dictated entirely by the Saar Plebiscite, and whether it will change after the Saar problem has been safely settled remains to be seen. It is then that the Eastern Pact will probably come up for a final discussion. Only is it certain that, after her guaranteed success in the Saar, Germany will be disposed to continue her flirtation with Laval? And is there not also a danger that, in the meantime, Russia and the Little Entente will have grown rather tired of France's manoeuvring? "Pertinax" has been warning Laval that if he is not careful, Russia may return to the policy of Rapallo—and where would France then be?

Laval, of course, thinks himself *très malin*; but he is not the only sly and tricky person in Europe; and if he overdoes his manoeuvring he may lose the confidence of the Eastern Powers, without gaining, even for a moment, the confidence of Hitler. For Hitler thinks himself *très malin*, too. And Hitler at least knows exactly what he wants; Laval, tricky though he may be, scarcely knows what he wants or where exactly he is going. It is a serious handicap in such a contest.

ALEXANDER WERTH

A LONDON DIARY

My head goes just like a clock before it strikes, and I shake awful then. . . . The policeman in my head keeps lashing me every night. . . . I cannot rest or sleep. Keep starting up feeling the lash across my body. My mind is in agony.

These are extracts from letters left by the Dartmoor convict who hanged himself last week after being sentenced to twelve strokes with the "cat." They provide magnificent evidence for the effectiveness of flogging as a punishment, and should, if we were logical, increase the demand for the extension of this penalty for further offences. Not being logical, the case shocked all of us, including the Coroner. It is true that there are other forms of torture which are said to be equally effective, but I doubt whether the rack and thumbscrew have any such real advantage over the "cat" as would justify the expense of their manufacture. It is, of course, unlucky that the ferocity of a punishment should have so little effect as a deterrent, but no doubt it comforts Authority to feel that if it cannot prevent crime, it is expert at least in avenging it. But it would be more gratifying to the public taste for whippings, if these were performed in public. I am reminded of these lines by George Colman:

> Time was—before the philanthropic trash—
> When jails resounded with the hearty lash;
> When any morning some known rogue you'd meet,
> At the cart's tail sent yelling through the street;
> While the delighted crowd with jovial cries,
> Urged on the hangman's boisterous exercise.
> The West-End dainties paid a visit daily,
> To see the strumpets whipped at the Old Bailey,
> And made high bets which blubbering lass would bare . . .

But I must cut my quotation short, for Colman is explicit about the connection between flagellation and lust—a connection which every educated person realises but which neither judges nor the public as a whole care openly to admit.

* * *

There is a place for conifers—when, for instance, you stand on a Mediterranean cliff and look down upon a peacock bay framed in their branches; or in high latitudes where no other trees will grow; or when pines are profiled like parasols against the sky of the Campagna or the Alban Hills; or when the snow turns the trees on the sides of an Alpine valley to glittering incandescent pagodas. But in the rich soil of England they are usually gloomy invaders, and it is horrible to see hordes of them encroaching in the place of our august beeches and oaks and elms. Professor Trevelyan has shown how this invasion, which was already spoiling parts of England in the eighteenth century, is now being accelerated by economic causes—conifers grow faster than the hardwood trees, and their lumber is in greater demand. These "economic causes" have been allowed to turn our big cities into squalid ant-heaps; they are now being allowed not only to spread a loathsome rash of pustulent buildings over the face of the country, but to damage even parts of England which remain rural, by the substitution of conifers for deciduous trees. This process, like the stripping of their historic contents from great houses, is a part of the price we are paying for the gradualness of our socialisation. For we are in an interim period, in which the landlord can no longer afford to preserve and replace beauty, while the community does not yet make it its business to do so. But is it indeed necessary to pay this price? It would not be very costly to encourage landlords by grants to plant the traditional trees which are part of the poetry of England. The landlords of Durham by forming a co-operative for the sale of their timber have set the example to other countries of the type of organisation with which the Forestry Commission could deal more conveniently than with individuals.

* * *

I have in front of me five new books on Nazidom. The first is a poor sort of joke. *Germany's Hitler* by Heinz A. Heinz (Hurst and Blackett, 12*s.* 6*d*) is the "only authorised biography" of Hitler, and it is not meant to be funny. The frontispiece

shows Hitler smiling at a group of children and the caption reads: "Hitler's love for children is well known. He often invites dozens of them for tea to Wachenfeld." In the chapter about Hitler in the war—I have no doubt that he was in fact as good a fighting man as millions of others—I read with interest the story of how single-handed he held up a dozen fully armed Frenchmen with his revolver and led them captive back to the German trenches. I have heard that kind of story before, though not of Hitler. By way of contrast I select *Heil!* (Lane, 7*s.* 6*d.*) which gives pictures with material from official sources about each of the present rulers of Germany. Many of them are criminals (in the legal sense), and perverts or neurotics (in the medical sense). I like especially the smiling picture of Hitler side by side with Röhm, entitled "I had a Comrade"—the German soldier's song, the substance of which was repeated in that celebrated letter in which Hitler singled out Röhm for special honour amongst all his faithful comrades. That was of course quite a year before he shot him. The third book *The Nazi Dictatorship* (Routledge, 10*s.* 6*d*) is by Roy Pascal, a lecturer in German at Cambridge. It is a serious and valuable study of Hitler's Germany, historical, economic and political: the author's conclusion is that "Germany is now the State of Monopoly-Capitalism, of a Dictatorship, not of a set of gangsters, nor of a political party, but of the great industrial and financial interests." There is also plenty to learn from *The German Revolution* by H. Powys Greenwood (Routledge, 12*s.* 6*d.*). Mr. Greenwood writes like an English gentleman, trying scrupulously to be fair and managing not to commit himself to any too definite view. He has, I fear, no realisation of the terrific nature of the Nazi challenge to everything that he, as an English gentleman, stands for and respects. Mr. Wickham Steed, on the other hand, has a very clear idea and his *Meaning of Hitlerism* (Nisbet, 5*s.*) ends with a passionate re-statement of faith in individual freedom. I wish Mr. Steed would seriously consider before his next book whether such freedom as we have to-day in England can possibly be retained without a Socialist solution of the economic war. I do not believe that it can.

* * *

Facts do come out even in Germany. It is now known that the number killed on June 30th was not 70, but 1,284, and I shall be interested to see what the German authorities make of the new Ernst revelations about the Reichstag Fire. Ernst was one of the victims of the June "purge": he was presumably murdered, like several other persons associated with that fire (the known exceptions are Göring and Goebbels), because he knew too much. It seems more likely than not that this MS. (now published in *Le Journal*) is authentic; if so, he wrote it to protect himself and entrusted it, it is said, to the very reliable hands of Dr. Branting. I notice that it confirms my own information that Hitler himself was not privy to the fire plot. Criticism of the present rulers in Germany is much more open to-day. A friend who was in Berlin recently heard an important official who was told that Göring had gone away hunting say openly, "Oh, yes, he does sometimes shoot animals!" I am not surprised that in this atmosphere people are expecting another June 30th. But they are expecting it so noisily that I doubt if it will happen that way.

* * *

I see from *La Librairie* that a M. Beauchesne, the president of the Bookseller's Circle and of the Publishers' Association, has been admitted to the Legion of Honour. Nothing remarkable about that. In France, and indeed in many European countries, honours are given to publishers as regularly as they are given in England to retiring civil servants, scientists or architects. Look through the list of guests at any big public dinner in this country and you will find the Presidents of almost all the other artistic, professional and semi-professional associations. But British publishing is apt to be unrepresented. And why does the New Year's Honours List so seldom recognise the distinguished services of publishers in discovering and encouraging young talent? Publishing in this country has a fine history and tradition and could surely be recognised for the part it has played in literature if we had not acquired this odd tradition of never talking about our best achievements. I suppose it is part of the public school tradition; it is not that we despise literature or fail to produce it—it is just not done to admit that we are interested in things of the mind. For my part I should like to see proper recognition of booksellers as well as publishers; the whole literary world would welcome recognition of Mr. John Wilson, who has made Bumpus something of a national institution.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5s. for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Mr. S. John Woods.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

But the happiness, the whole future of the Royal lady who to-day becomes Duchess of Kent has been a matter of high and intimate moment to this journal ever since her "Authorised Life Story" revealed the important part that, in her father's hands, the *Times* has played in the formation of her character.—*Times.*

There was a storm at the meeting of the Wolverhampton Master Butchers' Association last night. It was revealed that one of the contractors serving the Association was a vegetarian. . . . Mr. H. E. Sproson rose and made the following pronouncement: "He is a vegetarian. It is monstrous to think that we as butchers should continue to deal with such a man."—*Daily Telegraph.*

To-morrow's *Evening Standard* will be worth keeping for a generation.—*Evening Standard.*

The Marriage Certificate of the Duke and Duchess of Kent. One of the interesting features of the document is the position of Mr. J. H. Thomas's signature immediately below that of the bride.—*News Chronicle.*

I have for many years consistently advocated that men should wear corsets if they are inclined to be stout, and a number of friends who have accepted my suggestion have each thanked me after a few months. The great difficulty seems to lie in getting men to wear corsets until they have got used to them. Once they do, they will not readily part with them. I do not suggest that the corset should be very stiff, but it should be sufficiently well boned to give adequate support and sufficiently tight to keep the adbominal muscles taut, thereby eliminating "bow windows." At the same time it should permit of easy breathing, which, by the wearing of corsets, is developed from the lungs rather than from the stomach, as is the case with most men. How long will men continue in this enlightened twentieth century to despise so simple a remedy for many ills so common to the human race?—From a letter to *Birmingham Mail.*

A young man was, at Govan Police Court to-day, ordered to be detained in custody pending an inquiry in connection with the theft of three apples from Prince's Dock. A strong plea for his client to be liberated on bail was made by an agent, who stressed the triviality of the charge. Bail was refused.—*Evening News* (Glasgow).

The epithet "bitch" has now been heard twice in one week from the West End stage, and has presumably been established in modern dialogue.—*Daily Herald.*

"Men who go hatless to work are rarely promoted." said Sir Charles Higham in his speech to the Hatters' Association at the Trocadero, Shaftesbury-avenue, W., yesterday. "The man who does not wear a hat cannot raise it to a woman—so losing his most courteous gesture," he added.—*Daily Herald.*

Girl-bride a leper: exclusive.—*Daily Mirror.*

When Putney becomes precarious, where on earth is stability to be looked for?—*Observer.*

"Who will cook for us—do the washing—mend our clothes—make life as pleasant as mother made it?" These problems await yesterday's bride, Princess Marina, now Duchess of Kent.—*Daily Mirror.*

THE END OF AN EPOCH.—II

In the previous article I suggested that *circa* 1926 a cultural epoch came to an end, and that a new pattern of thought and values began to emerge. What are the outlines of this pattern? What the scale of these values? The answer to these questions entails a distinction between the intellectuals and the "others."

So far as the *intellectuals* are concerned, the disillusionment, particularly the political disillusionment, has persisted. Intelligent young men at the Universities are no longer so hopefully Socialist or even hopefully pacifist. They have abandoned the assumption, characteristic of the pre-war generation, and to some extent of the pre-1926 generation, that you can refashion the world by legislation. They no longer think that it is sufficient to get the right sort of people, and enough of the right sort of people, sent to Parliament. As a consequence their attitude to politics becomes fatalistic. The attempt to ensure peace by a system of collective security has, they consider, failed. Mankind, it appears, is incorrigible. Sooner or later there is bound to be another war. This, whoever wins it, will see the collapse of our civilisation. Meanwhile, any attempt to repair the glaring inequalities of our social system, or to establish a planned instead of a haphazard economy, is likely to founder upon the opposition of the vested interests of the poessessing classes and produce a Fascist reaction. It is only too likely that we are in for something of the kind in any event. There is nothing, then, to be gained by taking a hand in politics.

What follows? One withdraws into oneself, devotes one's energies to the pursuit of literature and art, and cultivates the society of one's friends. Whatever art may mean, literature for the contemporary young intellectual means Aldous Huxley, Lawrence and T. S. Eliot, whose works are the highest common factor of all the books to be found on contemporary undergraduate shelves.

So much for the intellectuals. What of "the others?" I cannot, perhaps, more succinctly indicate the change of mood in the others than by saying that they are no longer following, or trying to follow, the intellectuals. On the contrary, they are deliberately drawing away from them. Eight years ago the political tune at our Universities was being called by the Socialists. I doubt if this is true to-day. Socialism, of course, is still very strong, especially at Oxford and Cambridge. But it is no longer the fashionable, no longer the certainly coming creed. There is a change in the mentality of the average undergraduate. Eight years ago he was politically indifferent; to-day, while he still owns no political allegiance, he begins increasingly to look for political leadership. He is indeed eager, terribly eager, for any kind of leadership and guidance. He longs to be told what to think and what to do. But he no longer looks for guidance to the old prophets. The new modes of conduct, new conceptions of society, new scales of values which the pre-war generation learnt from Shaw and Wells are no longer exciting: nor are they taken for granted as they were by the post-war generation. To-day, a typical Shavian audience, as the reader can verify for himself by attending the Kingsway Hall Shaw lecture in the autumn, is now composed mainly of middle-aged well-to-do ladies.

This is not to say that the modern young are lacking in serious interests; on the contrary, their outstanding characteristic is seriousness.

It is, indeed, impossible for the University teacher not to notice the radical change in the young men who come flooding into the Universities to-day, compared with their predecessors of half a dozen years ago. Contemporary students, the young men who are now nineteen and twenty, tend to be formal and polite. They are respectful to their teachers and listen with attention, an all-too-reverent attention, to what they have to say. They are deferential to the old, and are beginning again to be chivalrous to women. They offer them seats in tubes and buses. . . . Sexually they appear to be more decorous than their predecessors. They do not embark so cheerfully upon casual "affairs," or indulge so freely in pre-marital intercourse. They are even re-introducing the half-forgotten rite of engagement. Meanwhile, chaperons have reappeared in high society. It is significant that the word "heart" is coming back as a counter in the interchange of amorous sentiments, and the typical post-war word "sex" is retreating before it.

Socially the young show a tendency to "herd." The world notices them when they "herd" into Buchmanism, Fascism, or the Roman Catholic Church. But there are many other kinds of herd. "The flight to the herd" is, indeed, one of the outstanding features of the contemporary age. We are living, in fact, in a generation of potential followers. It is here that the gulf between the intelligentsia and the mass, to which I have already referred, becomes most marked.

In the period which has just ended the intellectuals were making the running. Their beliefs, their interests, their tastes in literature and the drama, their habits of discussion and analysis were, within the degree of his capacity, those of the man in the street. I do not mean that ordinary men and women grasped the principles of psycho-analysis; but they thought it worth while to interlard their conversation with Oedipus and inferiority complexes. I do not mean that they understood the philosophy of Bertrand Russell; but they would be eager to talk of his school. I do not mean that they appreciated *Jacob's Room* or *To the Lighthouse*; but they would be apt to possess at least one book of Virginia Woolf's and were proud to draw attention to the fact.

To-day all this has changed. One of the first straws in the field of literature which showed the new direction of the wind was the success of *The Good Companions*. Here was a good, hearty, occasionally sentimental book in the tradition of the English picaresque novel, full of incident and alive with characters. To my mind it was an admirable book, but Bloomsbury disliked it. Nevertheless, it achieved a prodigious popularity in precisely those circles which had previously accepted the word of Bloomsbury as being, in the fields of art and literature, the last word. *The Good Companions* began a return which became a stampede—a stampede away from intellectuality, from abstraction and from analysis, a return to the simple, the emotional and the concrete. The Bloomsbury fashion was over, and with a sigh of unconscious relief the English subsided again into their natural Philistinism.

Six years ago the intellectuals at the centre were generating the atmosphere which gave the times their peculiar flavour, an atmosphere which spreading outwards from Bloomsbury at the centre through Hampstead and Chelsea, and growing ever more tenuous as it became more widely diffused, was yet, even in the outer fringes of the furthest suburbs, influential enough to creep into chatter about golf and tennis, congealing into occasional references to repressed complexes and the Russian Ballet. To-day, while the intellectuals still exist and continue to cerebrate, they have a smaller following. Thought and culture and art have still a head, but they have no longer a tail. The result is that what is happening in intellectual circles is no longer of so much significance for what is happening in ordinary circles. There is no longer a continuity between the country's brains and its heart.

This revolt against reason, if I may for once intrude my own scales of valuation, seems at times to take on the aspect of a revolt against civilisation. In literature the tone is set by such writers as Hemingway, an intellectual who seems at times to delight in catering for half-wits, and, writing deliberately in words of one syllable and sentences of half a dozen words, glorifies the passions of the savage and fawns upon the possessors of brute courage and physical strength. How painful is his anxiety to repudiate scholarship and the arts! With what horror he shrinks from the shameful charge of appearing cultured! In *A Farewell to Arms* Mr. Hemingway once mentions an Old Master. He speaks of "the bitter nailholes" of Mantegna's Christs; then, as Aldous Huxley notes, "appalled by his own temerity, passes on (as Mrs. Gaskell might hastily have passed on, if she had somehow been betrayed into mentioning a water-closet), passes on shamefacedly to speak once more of Lower Things."

There is a decline in the art of conversation. People announce convictions, instead of communicating ideas; talkers do not trouble to obtain listeners; listening, indeed, is becoming a dead art. The young in particular are developing a new technique, the technique of "not listening," behind which their perfervid convictions, whether Communist, Fascist or Buchmanite, can shelter unscathed by the weapons of argument, unsullied by the breath of reason.

So sheltered, these new creeds of our time breed in their supporters a hitherto unprecedented confidence. Whereas in the preceding period men sometimes sought to know before they ventured to believe, they now supply the place of knowledge by converting their conjectures into dogmas. The dogmas, masquerading as convictions, engender a novel enthusiasm. The ordinary "stupids" submerged during the pre-1926 period are being encouraged by this atmosphere of enthusiasm to "throw their weight about." The unregenerate natural man in all of us is encouraged to reassert himself happily and with gusto. He clamours for a larger air force, he fears for the national security, is jealous of the national honour, and may even discover in himself a dislike of Jews.

I have, it is obvious, in these articles been engaged in the art of social impressionism. If the outlines of the picture which I have attempted to draw have any correspondence with reality, there is a growing gulf between those who possess intelligence and those who possess, and are likely increasingly to possess, effective power. The consequence is that reason is playing an even smaller part than usual in the shaping of events. Is it merely fanciful to see in this gulf a prelude to disruption? Was there not the same divorce of intellect from the life of the times, a divorce which condemned intellectuals to barrenness and left the times guideless, in the later days of the Roman Empire and in the period which preceded the German Revolution?

These questions are, it is obvious, largely rhetorical. Many, indeed, will demur to the whole of the analysis which suggests them. To forestall some of the more obvious criticisms, let it be conceded that I may have fallen into that error of so many writers, which mistakes London, Oxford and Cambridge for England. The tendencies which I have sought to trace are on any analysis more marked in London than in the provinces, and people in the North, in particular, are more solidly attached to liberal ideas than the volatile readers of the London press. The typical Northerner is, as Mr. Priestley would say, a "lump of character" still comparatively untrimmed by mass production methods, and it may well be that the belief that reason counts, the faith that culture is valuable, the concern for civilised standards of thought and behaviour, are guarded more jealously in the provinces than in the capital. The development of the adult education movement affords some evidence in favour of this view. Nevertheless, the atmosphere of London is that of a forcing-house which often brings to an earlier birth tendencies which are elsewhere latent.

Again, I may be led to attach an exaggerated importance to the thought, the conduct, the behaviour and the standards of the present generation owing to the comparative absence of its predecessor. The mere circumstance of so many of those who would now be in the forties having been killed in the war throws the tendencies of their successors into high relief. If you kill off a million active young men in the early twenties you must expect your State twenty years later to suffer from a lack of ballast and solidity. Also from a lack of leadership. Hence the present generation may seem guideless, just because death has taken so many of its natural guides.

On any reckoning, the suggestions which I have ventured to make are in the highest degree subjective, and there are, it is obvious, counter-tendencies. The startling increase in the number of non-fiction books taken from the public libraries, the new standards of integrity and impartiality which have been set by some of the talks on the wireless, the storm of protest aroused by the Sedition Bill, might afford material for a different estimate. We are faced, in fact, with a conflict between two different sets of tendencies, the one making for the maintenance of our civilisation and its development at higher levels, the other for a relapse into the barbarism which has overwhelmed part of the Continent. This conflict is far from being decided. Its issue depends, in my view, less on the outcome of blind economic forces than upon human will and effort—the will and effort of *my* generation.

C. E. M. JOAD

THE LEISURED LIFE

"IF you have money in your pocket and no work to do," said the Archbishop of York on Tuesday, "it is called leisure; but if you have no money and no work to do, it is called unemployment." And he went on to refer to the possibility of "a redistribution of the hours of work and the hours of unoccupied time so that everybody would have some of both."

Even in the present chaotic state of the world, it is difficult not to believe that the man of the future is doomed to a life of greater and greater leisure. He cannot help himself. The prodigality of invention will do for him what the prodigality of nature did for his ancestors in Eden. It will supply all his material needs at so small cost of labour that he will find himself left with very little stimulus to work. This would have seemed an alarming prospect to many good men half a century ago, when the dignity of labour was freely praised by those who had plenty of time on their hands and plenty of money in their pockets. I do not know who it was about that time who wrote a pamphlet called *Blessed Be Drudgery*, but I know that it was enjoyed and warmly approved of by many people who were not drudges. As the title did not attract me, I never read the pamphlet; but I assume that it was an honest effort in a world rich in drudgery to prove to drudges that even for them life was worth living. If drudgery were inherent in the nature of things, this, I think, would be a worthy aim for a philosopher, since, if drudgery must be taken for granted, the willing drudge will obviously be a great deal happier than the reluctant drudge. Some of the happiest-looking people I have known belonged to the underpaid and overworked industry of domestic service in the Victorian era. If no escape from these conditions had been possible, as was then commonly believed, there would have been much to be said for a philosophy that would make the family servant not only contented with her lot, but cheerful under it, as she carried huge jugs of water and enormous slop-pails up and down flight after flight of stairs, and with a frail-looking physique performed day after day the labours of a female Hercules. How happy the aged charwoman seemed as she made the scullery ring with the strains of *Hold the Fort, for I am Coming!* or *When the Roll is Called Up Yonder!* Many of the slaves on the plantations had the same consolation, and it was evidently no small one. The word "boredom," I am sure, was invented by a member, not of the working, but of the leisured classes.

At the same time, man has always felt instinctively deep down in his being that work is somehow unnatural. Our religious books tells us that the necessity for work is the result of sin, and we speak of it as the curse of Adam. The ordinary man has for generations, wherever possible, worked mainly in order to relieve his children from the need to work. There is very little purpose in making a fortune, indeed, except in order to avoid work and to enable one's family to avoid work. Hence, we may regard the great fortune-makers of the past—the men who won large estates with their swords and the men who founded rich business houses—as pioneers cutting a pathway through the jungle of drudgery along which the whole human race would ultimately be able to escape. The rich man is simply a leisure-lover in advance of his time. He is determined that he and his family shall enjoy some of the advantages of the twenty-first century while living in the twentieth. It is true that he has not always realised his place in the evolution of society. He does not always see himself as the prophet of universal leisure, and on occasion he has

even urged the poor to be content with their lot though he may have owed everything he possessed to the fact that he began by being discontented with his. The fact remains, however, that he and men like him were the creators of that great institution the leisured class—a tentative microcosm of the society of the future.

Ruinous though some of the consequences of industrialism have been, it cannot be denied that the invention of modern machinery has brought the dream of leisure nearer and nearer the possibility of fulfilment. Trade Unionism has largely occupied itself with the fight for more leisure, and the working week has been progressively shortened in most industries. Already, even employers are talking about the possibility of a five-day working week, and it seems highly important that this should become the rule, since men must have a chance of adapting themselves gradually to the leisured world in which willy-nilly they will one day be compelled to live. It would be a disastrous thing if the whole human race were plunged without any preparation into a life of almost complete leisure. The children of *nouveaux riches*—and, indeed, of families that had been rich for generations—have frequently ruined themselves because they had endless leisure and did not know what to do with it. Hence, it seems to me advisable that we should all begin to train ourselves for the brave new world by learning to idle efficiently. Our half-holidays should be turned into whole holidays, and our holidays should be doubled in number, so that we may accustom ourselves gradually to the proper exercise of leisure before the great era of plenty descends on us.

I think that the spread of the passion for sport is an instinctive attempt on the part of mankind to fit itself for the leisured life of the future. A hundred years hence, I fancy, the city page will have disappeared from the newspapers, since no one will any longer be under the necessity of making a fortune on the Stock Exchange, and sport will fill half the paper. Foreign Ministers will then, instead of discussing armaments, spend most of their time arranging international football matches. The Continent will almost certainly take to cricket as well as football, because men and women must have something to occupy their minds during the long days of summer. Novels are already growing longer in anticipation of the age of leisure. Many people are surprised at this new development in fiction, but here again the instinct of the race is at work, dimly foreseeing the future. Mr. Shaw was similarly prophetic when he wrote in *Man and Superman* a play the length of which would have horrified the dramatic drudges of the Elizabethan era. A hundred years hence, the ordinary play will be a great deal longer than *Man and Superman*. There will be plays lasting a week—perhaps, a month. *Hamlet* will then be put on merely as a curtain-raiser. Another sign of our preparations for the future is the non-stop cinema. Already we can watch films from mid-day to midnight, anticipating the Golden Age. It is clear that long hours of enforced leisure must also influence the length of operas. The *Ring* was a puny but praiseworthy effort to foreshadow the music drama of A.D. 2,000.

Similarly all tramps and idlers may be said to have done their bit in getting ready for the great march towards universal leisure. Stevenson warned the nineteenth century that men, if they were wise, would quickly learn how to idle. The man who does not know how to idle will, a few generations hence, be as unhappy as a fish out of water. An exile from the working world, he will live chiefly in the past, moping after the good old days when everybody set out to his office or factory after breakfast and had plenty to occupy him till it was time to return to the evening meal. He will cry out for work, but in vain, since work will have been all but abolished. Let him be wise in time, and learn how to breathe the air of indolence.

The lover of hard work may comfort himself, however, with the reflection that, after all, none of these things may happen. Chaos may come again and so save him. Mr. Wells has told us that civilisation may collapse and that all the machinery, on which the possibility of a leisured world depends, may disappear. It may be so, and the human race may blindly reject the greatest material gift that was ever offered to it. I for one, however, will continue steadily to prepare for the coming age of leisure. I took yet another step towards it the other day when I bought a ticket for the Grand National in the Irish Sweep. Y. Y.

Correspondence

SHAW AND WELLS

SIR,—It was very good of my friend, H.G., to reprint that old article of mine; for though it has nothing on earth to do with the present discussion, it proves beyond all question that I have neither a pro-Russian nor an anti-Wells complex.

Stalin would be the last man on earth to deny that he and his Bolshevist colleagues made an unholy mess of their business at first by trying "workers' control" in industry, and ignoring "the inevitability of gradualness" by suppressing private trade and Kulakism before they were ready to replace it: in short, that had they begun where Sidney and Beatrice Webb left off instead of where Marx left off, they would have avoided the crash that led to the N.E.P., and saved some years that were worse than wasted. But what they did not learn from reading the Webbs, they learnt from bitter experience; and as they have never hesitated to face their mistakes, nor lost a moment in remedying them, the tables are now turned, and the next big book of the Passfield Sages will show what Russian practice has to teach us instead of what English theory has to teach Russia.

Thus there is not a word in my old article that is inconsistent with what I have said on the present occasion. The old article is out of date and what I am writing now is up to date: that is all.

I am sorry I have no time to waste on correspondents who can see nothing between soot and whitewash. I have explained more precisely than anyone else (as far as I know) where and how Marx went wrong. The Soot-and-Whitewash people, being incapable of critical analysis, immediately put themselves on the level of Flat Earthists by emptying the baby out with the bath and screaming that Marx was a noisy nincompoop. Because the strain set up in human society by making the sources of production "real" property does not come between our social classes, and cuts the proletariat in two instead of uniting it, you have people who ought to know better (H.G. for example) denying that the strain exists. It not only exists, and is threatening to play the devil with us just at present by tempting our proprietary governing class to ally us, contrary to our diplomatic interests, with Japan against Russia, but is, as Marx's great generalisation teaches, the explanation of many historical convulsions that have assumed all sorts of romantic and cultural disguises in our schoolbooks, our novels, and our imaginations. When Wells got to business with Stalin by saying that the Class War key to history is exploded silliness and that men of his stamp are not to be imposed on by such trash, he said a mouthful that called for instant and emphatic contradiction and repudiation. This I have supplied; and for the moment there is nothing more to be said.

But I cannot part from the Soot-and-Whitewash gentry who scream that I am licking Stalin's boots because I claim common civility for him, and that I love tyrants because I point out that our Party System (which they understand as little as they understand the Class War theorem), is in effect a parliamentary method of making progress impossible, without reminding them that I am old enough to remember the Empire of Louis Napoleon and the utter futility of Victor Hugo bellowing abuse of him from the Channel Islands, and Swinburne crying "the dog is dead" at his corpse in exile. Mussolini, Kemal, Pilsudski, Hitler, and the rest can all depend on me to judge them by their ability to deliver the goods and not by Swinburne's comfortable Victorian notions of freedom. Stalin has delivered the goods to an extent that seemed impossible ten years ago; and I take off my hat to him accordingly. G. BERNARD SHAW

P.S.—I cannot withdraw the word trotted as descriptive of Well's entry into the Kremlin. A man's mood is always reflected in his locomotion. Wells did not strut; that would have been vulgar; and Wells is not vulgar. He did not stalk nor prance in the Shavian manner. He did not merely walk; he is too

important for that. Having eliminated all possible alternatives I conclude that he trotted. If not, what did he do?

LIBERTY AND THE LEFT WING PARTIES

SIR,—In your issue of November 17th, Mr. Bernard Shaw explained how Russia has embarked on an era of constructive progress by entrusting the government of the people to a privileged caste removed from parliamentary control, while Lady Russell expressed surprise and dismay at the arrest by capitalist force of the advance of progressive opinion to power in Western Europe. The reference, presumably, was to the different European dictatorships. Lady Russell concluded that the class war has still to be fought, and Mr. Shaw, that a complete breach with current conceptions of democratic government (among other things) is necessary to economic and social progress.

This may be good sense or bad. But it is certainly anti-democratic. Is it fanciful to see in such views, the main, if not the only, reason for the growth of Fascism, which bases its right to govern directly and absolutely on a popular plebiscite? This is, indeed, about the only thing common to British, Italian and German Fascism. May I put briefly before your readers a plea for a return, instead, to older and better traditions of liberty, with the further plea that, failing such a return, the people of this country, like those of Germany and Italy, will inevitably prefer Fascism to Socialism?

Rightly or wrongly (my personal views have little to do with the point at issue, but I should, on the whole, be inclined to say, wrongly), the public are convinced that more and more interference on the part of the Central Government with our business and our pleasures is a necessary result of modern developments. Thinking in this way, the public inquires whether they are likely to find the most security for the largest amount of liberty from the parties of the Right or from the parties of the Left.

The attitude of the Socialist parties and press in regard to freedom of conscience and opinion and forced labour in Russia was not reassuring. The eulogies which appeared in your own columns of revolutionary Communist activities in Germany after Herr Hitler's advent to power on a free vote were even less reassuring. Mr. Shaw's article, to which I have referred, is definitely disquieting. But the attempt to hide from the British public the nature of the recent events in Spain is worse. As a constant reader of English Liberal newspapers over the last thirty years, I can, indeed, recollect nothing so wholly contrary to the best traditions of English liberalism (I use the word in its non-political sense).

The recent revolution in Spain was not the uprising of an oppressed people against a dictator, nor even against a regime based on principles contrary to the democratic tradition. It was the revolt of a minority against a parliamentary majority freely elected at an election organised and supervised by the Republican leaders themselves. The actual occasion for the revolt was the inclusion in the Government of three members of the largest single party in the freely-elected Cortes. It was in the face of the insistence of the majority of the Cortes on a Government representing the balance of elected opinion that the Socialist and Anarchist parties decided to revolt. The revolt was organised by responsible leaders of the Socialist parties; it was fully equipped with arms and ammunition and was carried through with the utmost ruthlessness and complete indifference to human life.

The sinister feature of the business from the point of view of English politics was the forecast of the revolt in the liberal press, combined in some cases with the statement that an attempt at a *coup d'etat* was being made by Gil Robles, "the Fascist Leader." Gil Robles was not, and never had been, a Fascist; he was as well-known as the Catholic Republican Leader of *Accion Popular* as Mr. Baldwin was of the Conservative party in England.

It is impossible to doubt that information that an armed revolt was impending was, at the time of these articles, in the possession of Liberal and Socialist circles in this country, and that they were concerned at all costs to place the revolt in the most favourable light.

The only impression left on the plain man's mind is that, in the view of liberals (again using the term in its non-political sense) in 1934, an armed revolt against a freely-elected parliamentary Government is a proper sequel to an election in which the Socialist party, after having tasted office, is decisively beaten at the polls. Presumably they justify this on Lady Russell's theory that a vote against Socialism is a capitalist revolution against reason!

It is unfortunately now necessary to add that liberal opinion in 1934 is apparently equally indifferent to the methods employed in such a revolt. In any other age, the atrocities perpetrated by the revolutionaries in Spain during the recent revolt would have called forth, from liberal circles, a torrent of indignation.

All over the world, men are asking whether, if the needs of the modern state and the necessary responsibilities of the Central Government demand a drastic modification of the nineteenth century parliamentary system, it is not far safer to turn to Fascism, with its explicit acceptance of popular sovereignty as expressed in the periodical plebisicite, rather than to Left-Wing Socialism. Can we not at any rate expect from the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION a clear and explicit condemnation of the doctrine that a popular vote against the Left is something immoral, the effects of which can be legitimately negatived by the ruthless exercise of force, or by subterranean and anarchistic conspiracies, or, on the Russian formula, by providing that such a vote shall not occur by the simple process of amending President Lincoln's famous dictum, and substituting for government of the people by the people government by what Mr. Shaw calls a "self-dedicated priesthood" organising a "church militant" and an "inquisition"? The unfortunate ambiguity attaching to the word "self-dedicated" is only matched by the unfortunate lack of ambiguity attaching to the word "inquisition." DOUGLAS JERROLD

The English Review,
6 Great New Street, E.C.4.

[It is "entirely fanciful" to say that Fascism comes from the anti-democratic temper of the Left. Democracy is a form of government according to rules. Since the seventeenth century these rules have not been broken in any significant respect in this country, except on the occasion of the Ulster rebellion in 1913. The Left has everything to gain by the retention of democracy, and it is sheer nonsense to say that the liberal press is anti-democratic because it did its business and reported the probability of a revolutionary rising which everyone who had been in Spain during the previous six months knew to be imminent.

But the main fallacy in Mr. Jerrold's skilfully ignorant letter is that the comparison which he suggests between English and Spanish politics is completely misleading. The recent Spanish rising was in our view misguided and foolish. But it cannot be understood unless it is realised (*a*) that between 1923 and 1931 Spain has been ruled by dictators, (*b*) that the achievement of 1931 was a republican constitution, the most important aspect of which was the separation of Church and State, and (*c*) that if experience proves anything, it is that the kind of power which the Church and the Jesuits exercised in Spain before 1931 is totally incompatible with any kind of democracy. In short, democracy was a new plant in Spain and the stakes in the recent civil war were the democratic benefits which had been fought for elsewhere in Europe in 1789 or 1848. This precariously established democracy was certainly menaced by the party of Gil Robles, which at its February congress of this year took an oath to suppress the parliamentary system in Spain. The policy of the *Accion Popular* was to set up a Catholic corporate state, closely resembling the present Viennese dictatorship. Therefore the rising, condemned on grounds of wisdom or of democracy, may claim in its support the *realpolitik* justification which Mr. Jerrold is much more likely to admit than we are ourselves. Since the basic confidence which alone makes democracy possible was lacking on both sides, the condition was, in effect, one of concealed war, a condition in which moral considerations become irrelevant and attack commonly justified on the ground that it is the best defence.

On the question of atrocities, as the result of an inquiry from a Right Wing source, we are informed that gross excesses were committed by anarchist elements among the rebels, that were not countenanced by the leaders or by the Socialists; that wholesale massacres were carried out by the State's Moorish troops and that many of the alleged rebel atrocities have been invented in Catholic newspaper offices in Madrid. Some of these have been subsequently admitted to be false.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

RUSSIA AND INDIA

SIR,—"Was it by accident or design"—to use Mr. H. G. Wood's own words—that his polemic on Russia and a quotation from a recent book on India (*Women Miners 4d. a Day*), appeared in the same issue of your journal?

Mr. Wood has overlooked the fact that it is impossible to make a fair comparison between Russia and Britain because this country is not an economic unit. He is comparing a whole with a part. Russia is practically self-contained, whereas Britain obtains raw materials—cotton, rubber, oil, foodstuffs—from her colonies

at very low cost. It is this important factor in the costs of production (e.g., 4*d*. a day for miners) which enables the British employers to hand out to their own miners the handsome wage of £2 a week and still be able to compete with Japan and America in the world market. There is, in addition, the annual revenue (J. A. Hobson's estimate), of £100,000,000 from capital investments in the colonies. Out of this vast tribute our rentiers can afford to pay their workers a bare living wage.

If Mr. Wood wants to make comparisons let him set the British Empire beside the Soviet Union.

Without the cheap labour of the 420 million colonial workers, our standard of living would be less than one-third of what it is to-day. Russia has no cheap colonial labour. All labourers are paid indiscriminately for the work they do. In Russia they are spending now on an average 27.4 roubles per head of population for social services compared with 1.1 roubles per head under the Tsar. I have not the figures by me at the moment, but I have seen it computed that the average wage in the British Empire is considerably less than half that in the U.S.S.R. Mr. Wood might well look at the statement of Mr. Gandhi's in the *Manchester Guardian* last Monday giving figures for the annual incomes of some Indian villagers. In India the average expectation of life is twenty-seven years. Hospital and health services in Moscow alone have produced a decrease of nearly one half in the death-rate. In other towns the decrease is more . . .

London, W.C.1. JOHN PEARSE

PASSCHENDAELE

SIR,—I do not wish to renew the discussion in the *Times* on the Passchendaele controversy. But your note of December 1st prompts one observation, or rather two.

(1) So far as I know soldiers always get the worst of it in public controversy with an agile civilian. As George Meredith says: Admirers of Lad Ormont enjoyed a perusal of a letter addressed by him to the Burgess's Journal, and so did his detractors . . . the noble soldier had no mould in his intellectual or educational foundry for the casting of sentences. . . . His Titanic brushing of blocks did no harm to an enemy skilled in the use of trimmer weapons, notably the fine one of letting big missiles rebound? But that does not prove that the soldier is wrong.

(2) Soldiers are generally reticent about their allies; thus Wellington remained silent till the end as to the delinquencies of his allies at Waterloo, and in particular never explained why he left 17,000 men—mostly Belgians—at a distance from the field. I think I can guess why. Similarly Sir William Robertson in *Soldiers and Statesmen* refuses to expand on the French mutiny, again I think I know why. But historically these reticences are deplorable. Soldiers also will not normally abuse their superior officers in public, out of motives of loyalty or discipline.

To take an analogy, the true history of Scott's Antarctic expedition is not to be found in the accounts of his followers, or even his own diary, but in a calm analysis of both by Mr. Gordon Hayes—a man of historical training and knowledge who writes without bias, loyalty or heat. I do not think a true account of Haig's plans and their success or failure will be found in the present published accounts by his followers and still less in the attacks of his opponents. But, when enough has been published (which is not the case at present) to show what Haig's information, plans and execution were on all sections of the front, then we shall be in a position to have a calm survey like that of Mr. Hayes, and I hope we shall get it. Meanwhile I think it well to estimate at their right value the combatants that "shriek and sweat in pigmy wars," where ink is shed and not blood.

Peterhouse, Cambridge. HAROLD TEMPERLEY

ASPECTS OF MODERN POETRY

SIR,—Not all has been said yet by Mr. Stonier or Mr. Pickering about the *compilation side* of Miss Edith Sitwell's *Aspects of Modern Poetry*. There are odd parallels, for example, between Miss Sitwell on Hopkins and Mr. Herbert Read on Hopkins. In her second chapter Miss Sitwell indeed mentions Mr. Read's *Form in Modern Poetry* (1933), but forgets to mention how much she has (apparently) borrowed from it. On *his* page 35, Mr. Read, adding to Hopkins's original statement, says:

> Sprung rhythm is not an innovation; it is the rhythm natural to English verse before the Renaissance. It is the rhythm of *Pierce Ploughman* and of Skelton.

On *her* page 55, Miss Sitwell writes:

> We may see, therefore, that Sprung Rhythm is not an innovation. Indeed it is the rhythm of Piers Ploughman and the rhythm of Skelton.

Mr. Read (p. 52):

> Of Hopkins's imagery, there is not much in general to be said. . . . He had that acute and sharp sensuous awareness essential to all great poets.

Miss Sitwell (p. 56):

> Many of Hopkins' poems appear at first sight strange; and this is due in part to his acute and strange visual sense.

Mr. Read (p. 35):

> In one of his lectures on Shakespeare, Coleridge defined the principle of modern poetry in these words: [quotation follows].

Miss Sitwell (p. 68):

> In one of his lectures on Shakespeare, Coleridge defined the need for *inherent* form thus: [same quotation follows].

Mr. Read (p. 46):

> Probably the only one of his small circle who understood him fully was his fellow poet, Richard Watson Dixon. Dixon, writing to Hopkins to urge him to write more poems, refers to their quality as [quotation follows].

Miss Sitwell (p. 53):

> Hopkins was not understood by his contemporaries. His friend Richard Watson Discon (*sic*) perhaps alone assimilated and understood the essence of this poetry, for in a letter to the poet he speaks of their temper, their terrible quality, [same quotation follows, only differentiated by misquotation].

And may I give you another fragment for your funny column?

> Each foot has one stress, and this falls on the only syllable should there be more than one (Miss Sitwell, p. 54).

Hampstead. GEOFFREY GRIGSON

SIR,—With regard to Mr. G. W. Stonier's review of my book *Aspects of Modern Poetry*, may I reply that had I known that Dr. Leavis was the author of Andrew Lang's sonnet *The Odyssey* (and I think him capable of it), I should have acknowledged my debt to him. Had I known that he was the author of Mr. Arthur Symons' book on the French Symbolists, of Villiers de l'Isle Adam's *Axel*, of Mr. Yeats's *Autobiographies* and *Essays*, and of the *Oxford Book of English Verse*, I should have acknowledged my debt. But this is the first I have heard of it. Before we know where we are, we shall find that Dr. Leavis is the Dark Lady of the Sonnets!

Again, Mr. Stonier says that, whilst attacking Mr. Grigson, I "appropriate, without acknowledging" (*sic*) "an exceedingly apt quotation from Yeats's *Packet for Ezra Pound*, which Mr. Grigson used in a review in new verse, October, 1933. . . ."

I have not read Mr. Grigson's review. Mr. Yeats, with great kindness, sent me the *Packet for Ezra Pound* when it first appeared, with most interesting annotations in his own handwriting. The book is one of my most treasured possessions. I was unaware that I had to thank Mr. Grigson for this. I thought my debt was to Mr. Yeats, who sent me the book!

It is right and natural that Mr. Stonier should admire Dr. Leavis. It reminds me of Miss Nellie Wallace's appeal to her slightly denuded feather boa: "For God's sake, hold together, boys!"

As, Sir, you have published Mr. Stonier's quite unwarranted remarks about me, I hope that you will also publish my letter, without alterations. EDITH SITWELL

129, Rue Saint-Dominique, Paris VII[E].

[Mr. Stonier writes: Since Miss Sitwell prefers not to answer my criticism and indeed seems rather pleased about the whole affair, let me quote yet another "parallel passage": the passage containing Lang's sonnet to which she refers in her letter. Here is Dr. Leavis (p. 11, 12):

> His sonnet is one of the most interesting of the many documents of like value that are to be found in *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. It illustrates very neatly the kind of thing that cultured people in the latter part of the nineteenth century took poetry to be.
>
> [Here follows Lang's Sonnet quoted in full.]
>
> . . . There is about the whole thing an atmosphere such as we have learnt to associate with the 'nineties. It is quite in keeping, then, that Swinburne should be very much in evidence: "gardens near the pale of Proserpine," [line 3] "the low lutes of love," [line 5] "the close of heavy flowers," [line 11], etc. Morris, too, is there, suggesting a general Pre-Raphaelite collaboration. Then, as we should expect in late Victorian poetastry, we are aware of the pervasive presence of Tennyson. And when Lang wishes to escape from "the music of the languid hours" into the "larger air" of "a western beach" he naturally has recourse to Matthew Arnold. . . . it is the music of the languid hours that predominates in his sonnet . . .

and if we dream of Homer and of waking up, it is still dreaming. And there is in the sonnet yet another presence, that of Keats . . . ("And only shadows of wan lovers pine") [line 6] which counts for so much in "the poetical" of the nineteenth century.

And here is Miss Sitwell (pp. 73, 74):

Many examples of this fashion are to be found at the end of the *Oxford Book of English Verse*, and the following sonnet, by Andrew Lang—*The Odyssey*—is a typical specimen:

[Here follows Lang's sonnet quoted in full.]

It must be admitted that whatever sound *is* heard through the music of this particular languid hour—which seems more like a century of weariness, in spite of the allotted space of a sonnet—we certainly do not hear the surge and thunder of the Odyssey. . . . In the third line we have a debilitated echo of Swinburne, in the fourth an invalid echo of Shelley, in the fifth line and at the end of the eleventh, we have a hotch-potch of the kind of verse that Swinburne and Rossetti would have written if they had had no gift for poetry. . . . The sixth line pays an unfortunate and irritating compliment to Keats, and the whole poem is sprinkled with a little watered-down Tennyson.

No, Dr. Leavis did not write Lang's sonnet; but it is perhaps unfortunate that he should have written his criticism in 1932 and Miss Sitwell hers in 1934.—ED. N.S. & N.]

SIR,—It was shameful, I know, of Miss Sitwell to attack Dr. Leavis, who is not used to that sort of thing; but if I informed a class of school-children that the Normans invaded England in 1066, and if Dr. Leavis had previously said the same thing, should I be guilty of plagiarising Dr. Leavis, and of taking advantage of his learning and sensibility? Is Dr. Leavis the only person to have read *The Golden Bough*?

Indeed, the accusations contained in Mr. Pickering's letter lose a little of their force when, for example, it is found that Mr Eliot himself has informed us, in his notes to *The Waste Land*, that the title of this poem derives from Miss J. L. Weston's book. It is hardly, therefore, an exclusive discovery; although, when treating of his poetry, it has to be repeated. I should now advise Mr. Sydney Pickering to read Mr. Eliot's poems, rather than Dr. Leavis's writings on them. Or is it supposed that nobody except Dr. Leavis has the right to take advantage of Mr. Eliot's hints? . . . The point about Dr. Leavis, surely, is that, though he often talks sense, he makes it sound like nonsense, assuming a pontifical cloak with which spiritual *pince-nez* match badly.

No amount of originality can alter the date of the Norman Conquest. Must every writer be original in his facts; as original, for example, as Mr. Percy Wyndham Lewis, Mr. Stonier's God? In his last book this venerable artist informs us that Inigo Jones "had to whistle" for the bill due for the construction of Blenheim Palace: and indeed, why not? . . . Inigo Jones died in 1652; the building of Blenheim began in 1705; but perhaps it was a golden harp and not a whistle, after all? OSBERT SITWELL

2 Carlyle Square, S.W.3.

["The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la, have nothing to do with the case."—ED., N.S. & N.]

AN ANTI-FASCIST EXHIBITION

SIR,—Following the very successful Anti-war Exhibition which was organised in Cambridge a year ago, and has since visited some thirty other places, the Cambridge Anti-war Council has under consideration the possibility of a further exhibition on Fascism, particularly in its relation to war and militarism. The possibility and precise character of this proposed exhibition will depend on the material which we find it possible to collect. We have a provisional offer of a collection of material relating to Germany, and some more material on Italy. But to supplement this we are anxious to secure any material of a documentary character (e.g., photographs, publications, newspapers, posters, propaganda-sheets, notices, manifestoes, etc.), particularly on the early origins of Fascism in Italy and Germany, or embryo Fascism in Britain and elsewhere. For gifts or loans of such material, we should be exceedingly grateful, or for information as to sources from which material could be obtained.

The possibility of our being able to produce an adequate exhibition along these lines depends upon the response that we are able to obtain to this or similar appeals. This exhibition we intend to make a little smaller, but at the same time more mobile, than its predecessor, in order that it may reach as many places and as many organisations as could make use of it.

St. Andrews, MAURICE DOBB,
Chesterton Lane, Cambridge. Secretary

HOME OFFICE PREROGATIVE

SIR,—You ask, anent the Lotteries Bill: "What right has the Home Secretary to decide for himself what was or was not 'the intention of Parliament'?" To this pregnant question, I, by your leave, would add another. What right has the Home Secretary to take the verdict of a jury, break it in two, adopt that part which he likes, and cast away that part of it which he disapproves?

In the recent case of the wretched lad Stockwell, the jury, in finding him guilty, recommended him to mercy, because of his youth and of the entire lack of parental affection and control which had befallen him. But to re-quote your words: "Sir John Gilmour is not to be defeated by a little thing like that." Although he is not an Appellate Court, but is, in these matters, the mere conduit pipe of the country's and the King's mercy, he refused to accede to the jury's recommendation and hanged a youth of nineteen.

When a prisoner puts himself "upon his country," as the legal phrase goes, his country's (the jury's) verdict should be sacrosanct, one and indivisible. Technically and barely, the Home Secretary may have been within his rights in rejecting the recommendation to mercy of the jury; but a more shocking and arbitrary use of them can scarcely be conceived. W. J. WENHAM

5 Gray's Inn Square, W.C.1.

COUNTRY INDUSTRIES

SIR,—Amongst the many activities described in the Memoir of my brother Harold Wright, which is reviewed in the current number of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, is the work he did on behalf of Country Industries, Ltd. This is a by-product of the Rural Industries Bureau whose official status precludes it from buying or selling and thus prevents it from giving the craftsmen assistance in marketing their products.

I am writing to urge your readers to call at 26, Eccleston Street (near Victoria Station) where they will find many and various good hand-made articles suitable both as presents and for their own use. At the same time, they will have the satisfaction of knowing that they have helped deserving craftsmen and miners' womenfolk. LAWRENCE WRIGHT

7 Campden Hill Gate, W.8.

CAR LIGHTS

SIR,—"Critic" in his London Diary in your issue of November 24th recommends turning off the off-side headlight when meeting another car. It would be interesting to know if he has considered, and for any reason disagrees with, the alternative plan of turning off the *near* side headlight, or whether this alternative, which many of us greatly prefer, has never come to his notice. I would suggest that whatever road-illumination can be provided by a "near-side-only" lamp (set in a non-dazzling direction) can be obtained, with even less dazzle to other people, from an "off-side-only." What is better still is that without increasing the dazzle the "off-side-only" can be set to give a much better driving light and there are consequently intermediate settings which combine less dazzle with more vision. "Off-side-only" is also safer for all parties concerned, since if the off-side sidelight accidentally becomes extinguished, the headlight continues to give a fair idea of the width of the vehicle. This might be regarded as sufficient reason for "near-side-only" to be forbidden by law. Dr. F. W. Lanchester, F.R.S., etc., advocated the "off-side-only" scheme in an article in *The Autocar* of 5th May, 1933. In my opinion, badly set "near-side-onlys" are a commoner form of dazzling nowadays than "elaborate lighting arrangements" on "expensive cars," by which "Critic" seems to have been troubled. At least one of the "expensive" lighting equipments does not dazzle me, even when in its "full-on" condition. F. E. FRYER

Wargrave Hall, Wargrave, Berks.

SUNDAY CINEMA CHARITY

SIR,—I am obliged to Mr. Blake, the Chairman of the L.C.C. Entertainments Committee, for his explanation which you published last week. Of course I am aware that it was Parliament, and not the L.C.C., which imposed upon cinemas the obligation of contributing to charity a percentage of their Sunday profits, but I understand the local authority (in this case the L.C.C.) has some discretion as to the percentage of profit it demands from the cinemas. Therefore the announcement of an increased percentage demanded by the L.C.C., not unnaturally led me to believe that this was a deliberate increase of the penalty on cinemas which open on Sundays, to the grave scandal of all the kill-joys. If,

however, the increase was an unavoidable consequence of an agreement already in existence, I gladly acquit the present L.C.C. of any responsibility for it.

In these circumstances it would perhaps have been as well for the public announcement of the increase to have been accompanied by an explanation of the reason for it.

49 Lichfield Grove, N.3. ERNEST THURTLE

THE WORK OF EDUCATED WOMEN

SIR,—More than four out of every five young women to-day try to earn their own livings, and there are very few large concerns throughout the country which do not employ them in one way or another. There is, however, a great deal of waste and confusion about the adjustment of supply and demand, so that many educated women are doing work below their capacities, and many firms are employing women unsuited to their needs.

The Women's Employment Federation has been formed to meet this situation. It is composed of the various organisations which are dealing practically with the problem (such as University Appointment Boards, Committees of Headmistresses and Assistant Mistresses, Relief Agencies for educated women and the like), and its object is to co-ordinate their work, to supply accurate information on trainings and openings to all of them, and to make known the practical possibilities to educated women on the one hand and to their potential employers on the other.

May we ask your readers to support this new move? All information can be obtained from the Secretary, 31 Marsham Street, Westminster, S.W.1, and those interested may like to attend the public dinner at the Trocadero on December 13th, for which tickets can still be obtained.

(Signed) GRACE E. HADOW (President of the Federation)
WINIFRED C. CULLIS WINIFRED HOLTBY
MARJORIE NUNBURNHOLME

Women's Employment Federation,
31 Marsham Street, Westminster, S.W.1.

Miscellany

THE LAST OF THE HANSOMS

IN a leafy byway of Kensington a few nights ago, I saw a hansom cab. I thought at first it might have been taken out from the Victoria and Albert for an evening airing, but that was not so, it was actually waiting for a fare, with a subdued horse in the shafts and an elderly jehu in the dickey.

I have learned since that there are actually four hansom cabs licensed in London, one for every two thousand taxis. Five years ago there were seven, soon there will be none. As it is, they only come out in the summer.

The sight of a hansom cab, remarkable as it is, would not have impelled me to write about it, for in London we are accustomed to the sudden appearance of throw-backs to the past—witness the Punch and Judy show performing recently at the entrance to Lincoln's Inn—but I also made the discovery that this year is the centenary of the hansom, so perhaps that lonely vehicle I saw in Kensington was making a wraith-like celebration of the event. It was in 1834 that the safety cab was patented. It came jingling into London when William IV, who himself had a carriage, the clarence, named after him, was on the throne, and Lord Brougham, who also gave his name to a vehicle, on the woolsack.

It must have been looked upon as a phenomenon, like a kangaroo among greyhounds. Mr. Hansom had certainly struck a new note. The driver sat behind instead of in front, and the wheels were two instead of four; such wheels, being, in the early constructions, eight or nine feet in diameter. It was even proposed to have an opening in the wheel through which the passenger could get in and out, though what would have happened supposing the horse had bolted at the instant of entrance or exit must be left to the imagination. That idea did not come off, but the wheels did, a smaller wheel was substituted, and gradually the hansom became the highly polished satin-like vehicle which figures in all pictures of the streets of London down to the early years of this century.

The cab has always been a social leveller, enabling any man with half-a-crown to ride in his private carriage as good as any duke. But the taxi has levelled yet more, it has swept away the nice distinctions between cabs, so that the same vehicle which takes a Clerkenwell family, pram on top, to London Bridge en route for Margate, proceeds at once to pick up a governor of the Bank of England whom it takes to the city. But when the hansom flourished there was a great gulf between it and the four-wheeler. Not exactly a social gulf, rather more a moral one. For a long time the hansom was considered of doubtful respectability. It was not really "nice" for ladies to be compelled to sit in such close propinquity to their escort. Moreover, to get into a hansom, in days of wide skirts lined with stiff muslin, was embarrassing. Some of our Victorian fathers refused on principle to use the hansom. Every west-end club had its fringe of hansoms, but they were never seen outside the chapels of popular preachers. It was proper to go in a hansom to the opera, but one took a four-wheeler to hear Spurgeon. Richard Le Gallienne might describe hansoms with their jewelled eyes as dragon flies, but Exeter Hall had an unconfessed suspicion that they were of the devil. Sergeant Ballantine rejoiced that he had lived long enough to see an archbishop in a hansom, but in general hansoms found their patrons among dashing young men in society, who liked to see out and to be seen in, and who liked a vehicle which could cut in and out, turn corners swiftly, bruise the lamp posts, and nothing pleased the college "ragger" better than to dispossess the driver and mount his seat.

The hansom had its romantic moments. It is said that it was often selected for proposals, and certainly the clippity-clop of the hooves is a better accompaniment for lovers' speech than the ticking of a meter. The hansom had, too, a certain responsiveness about it. If Dr. Johnson, now, got into a taxicab it would show no reaction, but I remember in my young days in Fleet Street watching with a nightly wonder the departure from a newspaper office of a great writer, who was as massive in body as in brain, and how alarmingly the cab sank down and the horse reared up under his unaccustomed weight. The hansom cab drivers, again, had certain likeable airs. They were a little swagger, their clothes had a horsey cut, in summer they would wear a white topper, and spread a white awning over the roof of their cab, and put a palm leaf fan inside. Their neckties were startling, they would have a large flower in the buttonhole, and a cigar in their mouths, and if it was Christmas-time, and they had been remembered, a rosette of the Rothschild colours on their whips. It is, moreover, recorded by Thackeray that even a hansom cab driver once said "Thank you" when a gratuity was placed in his hand.

I like to think of Joseph Aloysius Hansom, a Yorkshireman of talent, who never seemed to reap his reward in this world. Before he was thirty he had designed Birmingham town hall, which ruined him, owing to a bad business contract. He set out to retrieve his fortunes by inventing the safety cab, selling his rights for £10,000, of which he received only £300. It was a curious roundabout posthumous revenge for that Birmingham incident when, years after Hansom was dead, one of his cabs upset in Whitehall that distinguished Birmingham citizen, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, laying him aside for three weeks with a wound in his head, during which time the premiership passed from Lord Salisbury to Mr. Balfour.

The hansom seems pretty well everywhere in the pictures of the nineties, taking M.P.'s to Westminster, ministers to Whitehall, wedding guests to St. George's or St. Margaret's, diplomats to the palace, detectives to Scotland Yard, cricketers to Lords. The only occasions on which it did not appear were funerals, two wheels being considered not quite respectful to the deceased.

Thirty years ago an effort was made to put motor hansoms on the streets. It came to nothing, and while still there were numbers of hansoms about, one of them was put in a museum, and we knew that their doom was sealed. Yet such is the power of survival that four of them in this centenary year are to be found in the metropolis. They have made no concessions to

modernity. There is the same long whip in the slotted fastening, the same long reins over the front, the same little lid in the roof with its perfect view of the heavy moustache of the driver. For old time's sake, if you have leisure, it is worth while to take a ride in one of them, and to get the London of the nineteenth century back again. You may not call them, with "Lothair," the gondolas of the metropolis, nor be quite in accord with that master of deportment, Sir Walter Gilbey, who has declared that no vehicle runs more easily. But to see the eyes of the old cabby brighten when he gets a fare, and the horse set off at a surprised trot, while you gaze at its hindquarters and at the hoop of revolving rubber on either side, is to go back for thirty, forty years, "waylaid by a merry ghost at every lamp." You are an exile home again. H. C.

SCHUBERT, SCHNABEL AND STRAVINSKY

THIS Saturday, December 8th, will be the occasion of the last of Artur Schnabel's series of seven recitals on consecutive Saturday afternoons at the Queen's Hall devoted to the pianoforte works of Mozart, Schubert and Schumann. Those who have been present at these recitals will not need me to tell them that they have had a unique musical experience; but I have personally something to say of the nature of this experience as far as I can judge it.

It is commonly accepted in Europe and America to-day that Mr. Schnabel is unrivalled as an interpreter of the music of Beethoven among living virtuosos. I think that any critic familiar with the playing of the famous pianists of our time—I am speaking of the past twenty-five years—any critic who, like myself, has heard and admired the generation of pianists that stretches from Emil Sauer and Pachmann, including d'Albert, Paderewski, Hofmann, Rachmaninov, Busoni down to the most recent virtuoso to acheive wide reputation, Horowitz, would admit that there is none among them who has brought one as close to Beethoven as Schnabel. But we should make in my opinion a fatal mistake if we concluded from this that there is some special sympathy between Mr. Schnabel and Beethoven which was the cause of his pre-eminence. It is true that Beethoven has a quite special reputation among the great composers. He is particularly admired in non-musical but artistic circles and there are even writers, painters, men of letters and philosophers who, ignorant of music, admit only Beethoven among musicians to be the kind of great man that, according to their conception, a great artist must be. I need not disguise my opinion that this is the most utter nonsense. If we like we may claim that Shakespeare is the greatest of poets and Beethoven the greatest of composers; but if by this we mean that Shakespeare is greatest by virtue of being something more than a poet or that Beethoven is greatest by virtue of being something more than a musician I totally disagree. Schopenhauer said that music was the world once more, or the world over again. The two great arts of music and literature may have boundaries, but we do not know what they are nor have we ever caught sight of them. As far as experience goes, we can say that it is the nature of art that in art the world may be created over again. The greatness of Shakespeare is in his dramatic and lyrical poetry, not elsewhere; and it is similarly true that the greatness of Beethoven is in his music exclusively. Something more may be said, namely, that poetry is more than any poet and music more than any musician.

During these seven recitals Mr. Schnabel will have played, when he rises from the pianoforte next Saturday afternoon, nine Sonatas and the C minor Phantasie by Mozart, eight Sonatas, the Moments Musicaux Op. 94, and the Impromptus Op. 90 and 142 by Schubert, and Schumann's *Papillons*, *Davidsbündler*, *Carnaval*, *Phantasiestücke*, *Kinderscenen*, *Kreisleriana*, the Phastasie in C major Op. 17, and the Sonata in G minor Op. 22. A total of ten works by Mozart, eleven by Schubert and eight by Schumann. This large body of music taken from the works of two composers (Mozart and Schubert) who are considered among the greatest the world has so far known and one (Schumann) whose pianoforte music must be reckoned among the classics in this field, provides us with abundant matter for musical experience and criticism. Now, in listening to Mr. Schnabel's playing of those works I have had many previous impressions confirmed into a conviction that in listening to Mr. Schnabel we are hearing something entirely new in pianoforte playing. Of course, Mr. Schnabel's playing has some things in common with the older type of playing such as we have heard from the virtuosos enumerated above, but there is a point at which a difference in degree becomes a difference in kind and this point I maintain, has been reached by Mr. Schnabel and by nobody else as yet to my knowledge.

The difference seems to me essentially this, that Mr. Schnabel has penetrated farther into the realm of purely tonal and rhythmic values than any pianist has ever done before him. It is this fact which makes his playing so disconcerting to those impurely musical auditors who are more susceptible to the associative non-musical emotional values of what they hear than to the stuff of sound itself. In addition, it seems to me that ever since I first heard Mr. Schnabel he has progressed farther along this path from the subjective to the objective, from the personal to the super-personal, from the particular to the universal. Now, this does not at all mean that his playing is either intellectual or cold, it only means that it is more and more comprehensive and freer from the dross of self-expression.

I will give an example. When some years ago I heard Mr. Schnabel play Schubert's great posthumous Sonata in B flat I said to myself suddenly: "I do not like this work, it is too emotional." When I heard Mr. Schnabel play it again last Saturday I found that it had been transfigured. All that I had disliked had dropped away and a transcendental beauty

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On October 27th, *The New Statesman and Nation* reproduced the verbatim record of the conversation between Stalin and Wells during the latter's recent visit to Moscow. Every one was interested; partly because a clash of views between two such distinguished men is exciting in itself, and even more because the issues raised in their conversation are of the most profound importance to all of us in Western Europe. What is meant by the "class-war"? How far must old definitions be modified by the development of the new technical class? Was Marx substantially right? or is he an out-of-date nuisance? How much intellectual freedom is there in Communist Russia? and can Soviet writers be brought into closer contact with those of Western Europe? These questions were vigorously taken up in successive issues of *The New Statesman and Nation* by Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. J. M. Keynes, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Ernst Toller, and by other correspondents. The original conversation between Stalin and Wells, the articles that followed, and some of the high spots of the subsequent correspondence are reprinted in this pamphlet, which has a cover design by LOW and includes reproductions of his Wells, Shaw and Keynes caricatures.

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and perfection of expression had taken its place. Now this sonata, written in 1828, seven weeks before Schubert's death, is a work of overwhelming imaginative sorrow. The first two movements have a poignancy of expression that can be unbearable if expressed with a feeling equal to Schubert's feeling. We might live a hundred years and never hear a musician capable of playing this work with such equal comprehension. Certainly no pianist that I have ever heard could play it as Schnabel played it when I heard him play it first. But Schnabel did not stop there. He must have felt: "This is not what Schubert meant. This is melodrama, not tragedy, this is individual not universal, this is *expression* not *art*." I say Mr. Schnabel must have inwardly felt this, for he now plays this marvellous work as if all grief had been washed away from it and left it like a pure holy monument of such beauty and strangeness that contemplating it we are filled with exaltation and awe.

Another example is Schubert's posthumous Sonata in A major, also written shortly before his death, which Mr. Schnabel played on November 17th. This is a work of which I am especially fond, because I love most works of art which are most remote from ordinary experience. This wonderful sonata may be described as a wandering through the invisible worlds of tone. It is long, as a wandering through such worlds must be, but when finally it concludes one feels as if one had just been beyond eternity for less than a minute. Has anyone living ever heard such playing as Mr. Schnabel's playing of this work? I, at least, put my hand on my heart and say I never have; nor do I ever expect to hear this work played in such a way again. For I was taken up *alone* into that world of tone. Schubert had left himself behind (the hardest and ultimate task for a creative artist!) when he composed this masterpiece, and Schnabel had left himself behind when he played it.

What is the secret of these purest successes in art? Berlioz once gave what I consider to be the best definition I know of music. "Music," he said, "is at once a feeling and a science; it requires of those who cultivate it, executant or composer, a natural inspiration and a knowledge only to be acquired by long study and profound meditation. The union of the knowledge and the inspiration constitutes the art."

So far so good, but something must be added. There are musicians who love music and there are musicians whom music loves. To be loved by music requires that the musician should be accessible on all possible sides to music. Those who are imperfectly accessible are imperfectly loved, but those who are perfectly loved have that universality in which all that is disturbing and particular has vanished. Now this is where I felt that whereas Schnabel and Schubert succeeded, Stravinsky in his new work, *Persephone*, produced for the first time in England during the past week, failed. In listening to it I felt very strongly that it was a work of genius by a musician of genius. I consider it one of the best of his works. It has an originality and a force outside the scope of any of his contemporaries, in my opinion. But what an intrusion of a narrow, fanatical, passionate seriousness is in this work! It is Calvinistic in its fury of dogmatic assertion. Yes, Stravinsky certainly loves music, as Calvin loved God, but equally certainly he is not yet loved by music.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

In the Russian Manner

Messrs. Clinton Baddeley and Scobie Mackenzie have made a very tolerable shot at the Anglo-Muscovite idiom in *Nichevo*, a moderately amusing melodrama at the Gate Theatre. Produced under serious auspices with some such *nom-de-plume* as Kolnyatch it would be an excellent May-Week joke. Without pretending to deceive, it has still some dramatic passages and first-rate situations, but the quaintness, admittedly pastiche, becomes a fatal handicap. When a working man calls for a glass of alcohol in a Russian play, or says "permit me to inform you," instead of "let me tell you,"

you may discount it, or blame the translator. When you know that it has all been tucked in for the sake of "atmosphere," you can very soon become bored by it. Not that mere verbal pastiche is the limit of the authors' ingenuity. The revolver that misses, the startlingly self-analytical announcements, the fatalism and the tedious animal spirits are all there, and, at moments, entertaining; at other moments not. The plot need hardly be analysed. The scene is laid in a provincial repertory theatre when the doors have been closed for the last time, and we watch the company disintegrate, psychologically as well as in fact. Miss Pamela Carme plays with sympathy and dignity, John Clements as her flashy, untrustworthy husband has a fine romantic force, and William Fox as a jealous young lover broods and boils very well. The brightest moments of the evening are contributed by Arthur Young's very complete study of amiable drunkenness.

"Saint Joan" at the Old Vic

Mary Newcomb's Saint Joan is likeable and very pathetic. It is as different from Sybil Thorndyke's interpretation as chalk is from cheese. In the finale of the court scene, when Joan whips out her sword and cries "who is for God and His maid, who is for Orleans with me" one felt keenly enough the triumph of human personality over cowardice and intrigue; but the hands of the audience did not reach for imaginary swords, there was no instinctive urge to follow the leadership of a saint. It remained a scene in a play. In spite of Mary Newcomb's impetuosity and charm, the performance at the *Vic* was static and left one agreeing with the Dauphin (Mr. Maurice Evans) rather than with Joan. The historical background, France and England, the battle, the river and the fire, never became real. Perhaps the scenery was to blame for this; but it must be admitted that the plain settings of the *Vic* gave Shaw's ideas, as distinct from the events he dramatises, a better chance of emergence than gaudy ones would have done. The damned soldier's advice to Joan: "you have as good a right to your notions as they have to theirs and perhaps better" really got across in a sombre room with no distracting stained glass effects. Mr. George Woodbridge as the executioner gave a magnificent performance and so did Mr. Abraham Sofaer as Peter Cauchon. The Archbishop (Mr. Phillip Leaver) and the Earl of Warwick (Mr. Felix Aylmer) were a little too much alike: which was sociologically right but dramatically dull.

"Journey's End" at the Criterion

As anti-war propaganda *Journey's End* has lost its punch. It dates violently, and is so limited in its references as to make the war-calamity seem vague and distant. It has all the voguishness of a popular success, not in its dialogue and character-drawing, but in its particularity of emotional range, which is narrow enough and false enough to be thoroughly popular and purely temporary in its appeal. Its significance now is almost that of a period piece. As such it seems indecently conventional, for it has no mobility. Stanhope is still Stanhope, and Mr. Reginald Tate gets everything out of the character that there is in it. Mr. Norman Pierce's Trotter is notable, and the whole cast is highly efficient. The play indeed has stayed quite still, and is as slick and actable a drama as it ever was; but the audience's reactions have shifted.

"The Iron Duke" at the Tivoli

Since his days of smooth villainy in *The Green Goddess*, Mr. George Arliss has become a beautiful and uplifting influence—a sort of monocled Mahatma—in American and British films. History assures us that the Duke of Wellington was not remarkable for the purity of his private life; that he spoke seldom and that, when he spoke the sentence usually included a "damn"; and that he was the arch-foe of radicals and pacifist agitators. Mr. Arliss, however, presents *The Iron Duke* (a Gaumont-British film now showing at the Tivoli) as the exact antithesis of all the qualities with which he has hitherto been credited. Kindly, affable and humorous, we see him playing bears—himself on the floor, under the bear-skin rug—with the Duchess of Richmond's children, a few days before Waterloo. A convinced pacifist, he sheds tears after the battle (instead of remarking laconically that it had been "a damned close thing") and, a devoted husband and adoring *père de famille*, we watch him flirt—but, oh, in such an innocuous and exclusively paternal spirit!—with Byron's friend, Lady Frances Wedderburn Webster. All very nice, and sometimes amusing. . . . Not history, of course; but Mr. Arliss walks through his part as blandly as a royal personage reviewing a parade of Chelsea pensioners; while the reconstruction of Waterloo is extremely exciting. Sets and costumes are, on the

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whole, remarkably good; but *The Iron Duke* is not a film for a critical audience.

"Romances Capitonnées"

An amusing name for amusing things. Mlle. Halicka has established so firmly her reputation as a serious painter that she can afford to have a joke now and again, particularly as her sense of humour is excellent. Also it would be a superficial critic who saw in these engaging objects nothing but frivolity. To produce them have gone a subtle blending of the taste of a painter with that of a *grande couturière*, and something more: for one recognises the perception of a genuine artist in the certainty with which Mlle. Halicka has pounced on those features in fashion-plates which are most significant, because most redolent of their age. Again, it was a feat of taste to exclude rigorously an aestheticism which here would have been distressingly out of place: note the blankly conventional drawing of the heads; it would have been so easy to make them "artistic." What precisely *romances capitonnées* are it would be as unfair to explain as it would be to betray the plot of a detective story. You must go to the Leicester Galleries and see for yourself. The visit will probably make you wish to possess one or two of these agreeable divertisements; also it will make you eager to see again the serious work of this distinguished and exquisitely feminine artist.

Water-colour Drawings by Vanessa Bell and Keith Baynes at Agnew's

This is a specially charming exhibition, calculated to excite the spectator to the sin of covetousness, for the work both of Mr. Baynes and Mrs. Bell is decorative, gay and pretty. ("Pretty" is of course a term of praise—see Tennyson, "When my little one, when my pretty one, sleeps".) Mr. Baynes is the more thorough of the two in his exploitation of water-colour as a medium. He relies chiefly on thin washes over faint pencil drawings, and produces delicately watery effects. The sea in *Arosa Bay*, for instance, and *The Custom House, Vigo*, is utterly liquid. Evidently the pale changing Atlantic colours of the Portuguese coast have been very inspiring. He has developed a very neat method of notation for details, which reminds one of Far Eastern painting; and he uses this to translate a very individual vision of the material world. Vanessa Bell's work is less "pure" as water-colour, and she uses body-colour more freely. Also her pictures have less reference to their subjects, which she uses chiefly as diving-boards from which to plunge into the stream of rhythmical form and colour. *The Italian Vase* and *The Window Ledge* are lovely examples of flowing movements which approximate to the condition of music. But in her designs for china Mrs. Bell suddenly shows extreme acuteness in giving the character of persons and periods. Queen Victoria, Mrs. Browning, with the now inevitable "Flush," Rachel, Marie Antoinette and three costume pieces are not only swagger drawings but incisive comments. The only fault to be found with this exhibition is that the works of the two artists are not hung on separate walls; and as a result the spectator has to keep altering his responses to their respective personalities. This is inevitable in an *omnium gatherum* exhibition, but not in a Two Man Show.

Picture Boxes at the Lefevre Gallery

The feelings of a starving street-arab gazing lovingly into the windows of a fashionable hotel have often been described; imagine this blended with the emotion of looking into a tiny rockpool where a whiskered prawn ventures between fronds of seaweed over the coral floor and you will get some notion of the fascinations of Mrs. Wright's picture boxes. She has elaborated them from the familiar full-rigged ship in its glass bottle into almost incredibly ingenious and lovely little worlds.

In No. 22, an English village, she has made, by means of mirrors, one row of little houses, half-a-dozen sheep and a motor-car or two wind away in a vista of interminable winding streets. In circus (No. 19) one-fifth of the ring is real—and all the rest mirrored illusion. Mrs. Wright has elaborated a new art of miniature, and her ingenuity is only surpassed by the variety of her efforts. Everyone should go to this fascinating show and children should be taken, though they will almost certainly refuse to let their parents go home without a picture box.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, December 7th—
- Theatre Exhibition, Citizen House, Westgate, Bath.
- "Every Man in His Humour," Birkbeck College; and on December 8th.
- "Martine," Tavistock Little Theatre, Tavistock Place.
- B.B.C. Chamber Concert, Broadcasting House, 8.15.

SATURDAY, December 8th—
- Junior Academy Cinema, "Little Tiger," 11.
- Children's Film Society, "Secrets of Nature," Everyman Theatre, 11.
- Gerald Heard on "The Meaning of Progress and Change," Morley College, 3.
- Schnabel, Queen's Hall, 3.
- Pianoforte Recital, Harold Craxton, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.

SUNDAY, December 9th—
- Prof. J. C. Flugel on "Hedonism Reconsidered," Conway Hall, 11.
- Myra Hess, Palladium, 3.15.
- The New London Trio, Working Men's College, Crowndale Road, 6.30.
- Left Theatre Production, "Peace on Earth," Phoenix Theatre.

MONDAY, December 10th—
- Christmas Market in aid of Housing Funds, Central Hall, Westminster, 2 p.m. to 7 p.m. Also on December 11th and 12th, 11 a.m. to 7 p.m.
- Courtauld-Sargent Concert, conducted by Fritz Busch, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

TUESDAY, December 11th—
- Z. R. Matthews on "South African Music," with illustrations by Mrs. Matthews, Friends Hall, Euston Road, 1.20.
- Prof. Soddy on "How the Creator of Wealth has been enslaved by the Creator of Money," London School of Hygiene, Keppel Street, 6.
- Dr. A. Maude Royden on "Christianity," Morley College, 8.
- Debate: "That Christianity did not Promote Civilisation." Affirmative: Joseph McCabe. Negative: Dr. A. W. Harrison, Conway Hall, 7.

WEDNESDAY, December 12th—
- "Pippa Passes" and "Holy Night," Fortune Theatre.

THURSDAY, December 13th—
- Sir Reginald Kennedy Cox on "The Settlement Movement," St. Edmund's, Lombard Street, 1.10.
- Two Poetry Recitals by the London Verse Speaking Choir, Woburn House, Tavistock Square, 8, and on Dec. 15th at 6.30.

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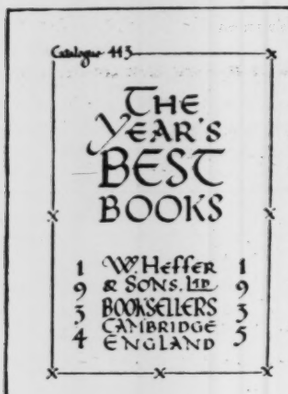

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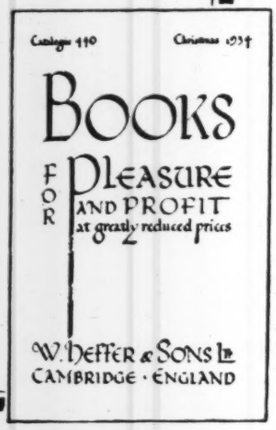

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EARLY INTERESTS IN LITERATURE

VERY clearly do I remember the early days of my childhood from the age of five to eight. Very clearly I remember learning to read and write and understand numbers, making pothooks on a slate, numerical figures on a slate, learning multiplication tables by heart, spelling, blotting-up copy books, and only enjoying a small part of it. I envied the cat which could eat and sleep as it chose, and walk the tiles as it chose, and be petted by everybody. One day, indeed, I said most emphatically that I wished I was the cat, and was reminded that as the cat hadn't got a soul my wish was a very unworthy wish. But I wasn't so sure that the cat hadn't a soul, especially as on a certain occasion I had seen a spirit cat quite plainly.

But though I was idle and inattentive I learned quickly, and in a very few months could read with fair ease. The first book I was given for a birthday or Christmas present was called *Spinning Wheel Stories*, but it was much too difficult for me, and as far as I can remember was the sort of book from which I might extract some sort of enjoyment even to-day; so after shedding a few tears I was presented with an easier book in large type, which I found dull and babyish. I definitely preferred my lesson books to either of them.

I can remember also that I learnt by heart a number of nursery rhymes like "Four-and-twenty blackbirds" and pleasant little moral jingles like "How doth the little busy bee," frequently dictated to me by my sister Eva just after I had got out of bed in the morning, and learnt by heart after hearing them a few times. But I didn't like any of them very much, and again preferred the examples in my lesson books.

Of the verses in my lesson books I can clearly remember those by Mrs. Felicia Hemans. Indeed, I was given a lot of Mrs. Hemans to learn by heart, and extracted considerable pleasure out of her till I was about nine, when Scott, Campbell, Longfellow, Tennyson and Byron began to please me better. It is true that during my early days the vogue of Mrs. Hemans was well on the wane, but she was still respectfully rated, and a Victorian anthology of English poetesses, dated 1883, though it strives foggily to criticise her and tell the truth about her, nevertheless rates her above Emily Brontë and Christina Rossetti, calls her the English Sappho, and tells us that "piety, purity, tender and chivalrous affection could scarcely farther go than in the poems of Mrs. Hemans." She had been a super-best seller and highly esteemed; Scott, Byron, Landor, Wordsworth and the critic Jeffrey had admired her; and when she died most extravagant praises were showered over her tomb. Landor wrote of her:

> Gone is she
> Who shrouded Casa Bianca, she who cast
> The iron mould of Ivan; yet whose song
> Was soft and varied as the nightingale's,
> And heard above all others.

I think I can say that the first poet of whom I drank deeply was Mrs. Hemans, and I remember clearly that the poem I liked the best was "The Graves of a Household":

> They grew in beauty side by side,
> They filled one home with glee;—
> Their graves are severed far and wide,
> By mount, and stream, and sea.

To-day that poem strikes me differently, though not as wholly bad. I can still admire the pomp of

> He wrapt his colours round his breast
> On a blood-red field of Spain,

and can understand why at the age of seven or eight I was so delighted by it. And even to-day I can sense the enchantment of:

> Where are those dreamers now?

Other poems of hers still please me lightly in patches, and nudge me to think that perhaps there is still some slight intrinsic value in her soft quiet melody (for she well understood the relation of quantity to accent, and assonance to alliteration) and that occasional lines and stanzas would have a chance of enduring if they only shone out of a better setting, and that though Landor and others were wrong, they were not desperately wrong.

It came easy to me to read metrical verse, but I remember that prose was mastered with greater difficulty. I was made to slog at some of the lesson-book pieces, forced to read them over and over again till my tongue was hammered into accuracy. One of these pieces, which caused me an intolerably miserable afternoon, was about a sailor who was robbed by some tree-top monkeys of his cap, and of the trick to which he resorted to regain it. But when lessons were over I couldn't get enough of tales. I very much liked being read to, but the even march of the sentences or the reader's see-saw voice frequently displeased me, was defined by me as "dry," so that whenever possible it was arranged that stories should be *told* to me. Perhaps I preferred the told tale to the read tale because, being wool-gathery and up in the clouds, I was able to follow the narrator better. Moreover I had to visualise everything, and this meant that I needed plenty of time. The story-teller paced more slowly than the reader, and this gave me longer and better opportunities for enjoyment. My sister Ethel (and sometimes my small boy companion, Fred Snowdon) was also an ardent listener, and I find it a little strange to-day that she, who was spoiled and petted more than I, was generally expected to follow my literary tastes. Serial stories in bound numbers of *Little Folks*, *Chatterbox*, *The Children's Friend*, and *Sunday Readings for the Young* were the most popular, and of these I specially remember three, a child's version of *Pilgrim's Progress*, and two stories of hunters, *The Moose Hunters* and *The Boy Hunters of Kentucky*. I remember how I used to sit impatiently waiting for the narrator to finish reading the chapter to herself; and then my rapt attention and my excited exclamations and questions as the memorised story was slowly told to me. After the narrative was over I would closely study the pictures, and think carefully on some of the strangest incidents. I was, for instance, very much intrigued by the backwoodsman father who thrashed his son every time he missed the bull's-eye, and after questioning the morality of it, finally decided that the severe parent was quite right. . . . *Pilgrim's Progress* (the protagonists all dwarfed into children) left an indelible mark on me, though the allegory was almost entirely lost in the material story. Here was a life worth living, for you got to Heaven fighting and overthrowing tangible adversaries. What a grand succession of adventures, and how I loved and admired "little Christian"! But I also ached with misery, for I wanted so much to be in his place and wear a shining suit of real armour. . . . The end, too, was splendid. A great river to cross over (how clearly I saw that long dark stream of deep water!) and on the other side a beautiful, clean, marble city fixed on solid foundations, and not a place floating high up in the air, rather like a big schoolroom attached to a balloon, all benches and long rows, angels and people crowding

together, twanging harps of gold. But I fear that the figure of Apollyon disturbed me in my midnight dreams; and the Dark, which I always shuddered at when left alone, used to get filled with the slimy horrors of the Valley of the Shadow of Death. "The Slough of Despond" I struck into more agreeably, so that for years afterwards I never encountered a very muddy place during my walks without wanting to struggle through it, or actually doing so. I think I did not much care for stories without the Shadow of Death in them. Even *The Moose Hunters*, that exciting hunting tale of the Canadian backwoods, which I think came next in my estimation to *Pilgrim's Progress*, was not all jolly sport and picnicking; for there was at least one lonely mournful chapter in it, and bony Death (nay, jewelled Death) wandered through the primeval forest. *The Boy Hunters of Kentucky* contained one most effective chapter, where two boy-friends who had lost one another were reunited in the clutches of bloodthirsty Indians, who were manifestly plotting to torture them to death. Why did I envy those two boys? I cannot quite understand; but I found something profoundly alluring in the contemplation of their deep friendship being firmly soldered by an appalling end. It was the same with the heroine of another kind of long story, a fine little girl who died. When death took her I loved her and hungered for her, and locked her image to my heart. Once I could push out of my soul my fear of Hell, death was no longer a grim, ghastly apparition, but a lovely angel with rainbow wings.

Into my nursery games played with my sister Ethel, Death continually entered. We pretended to kill one another, to torture one another, and sometimes I fear I actually did hurt her. Wolves, lions, leopards careered over the nursery floor. Indians, bogeys, ogres, and cannibal giants lurked in the corners, and sometimes a game of tyrants materialised into reality, for Fred Snowdon and I nearly always made poor Ethel put our toys away, a dull, tedious job that we would do anything to get out of.

HERBERT PALMER.

FALLEN SNOW

It falls still in my childhood—far away
On iron-hooded forests whence the swans
Have long since flown with clattering wild cries,
Where the round winter sun of level ray
The white and windswept fields with scarlet dyes.

It falls still in my childhood: bells like glass
Shatter the snowbound silence of the plain,
With cracking whip the reindeer-driven sleigh,
And glass bells quivering in a tangled mane,
Gallops across the peepshow Russian day.

And when the sullen-lidded night shall hide
The drifts of trodden snow which lie here now
Flanking the gutters, that first magic will
Magic my eyes, I shall remember how,
Not far in childhood but beyond the hill,

Swans' wings of snow, white herons' wings of snow
Shall feather the bare boughs against the dusk,
The brittle air shall silence every cry
Of child or bird, the last rose-coral glow
Stain the pure windless fields that meet the sky.

It falls still in my childhood: childish eyes
Still in these eyes your morning vigils keep,
Show me through them, with that first pure surprise,
The falling snow, which is the tune of sleep,
Out of the long dissolving dark disclose
These smoothest ermine fields and saffron skies,
Icy tranquillity of fallen snows.

JOAN BARTON

THE HISTORY OF PANTOMIME

Christmas Pantomime. By A. E. WILSON. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

A Christmas pantomime is equally unsuitable as an entertainment to children and to adults. Not only are most of the jokes out of the range of children, but any departure from a familiar story offends their conservatism, and the nature of the departures in a pantomime offends their logicality. And yet they adore the show, because it is a show, and a treat and a wild excitement. And when they grow up, they continue to enjoy the pantomime because it is associated with the most enchanting of their childhood impressions. It is therefore difficult to write on the subject without sentimentality—even the word "pantomime" seems to have a rich round plum-puddingy sound, and the thought of a transformation-scene still makes my heart beat faster. So one tries to rationalise one's enjoyment. The vulgarity of taste, one says, which the scenery and costumes usually display, is "amusing"; and there is a charm in incongruity: the characters from the *Arabian Nights* longing to be back in Dixie, Robinson Crusoe cracking jokes about Belisha Beacons, the Prince played by a woman, the Queen by a man (see Herr Hirschfeld on *Transvestitismus*), hasn't the whole affair a distinctly *surréaliste* flavour? Finally there is the curious historical interest of the pantomime, the vestiges of its various sources showing like bones and shards in the layers of a carelessly excavated cave-floor. And here is a book, with a wealth of information about its evolution, by Mr. A. E. Wilson, the dramatic critic of the *Star*.

The character of Harlequin appeared in England, it seems, as early as 1607, introduced by the Shakespearian actor Will Kempe, the creator of the part of Dogberry, who had travelled widely on the Continent. But it was not till after the Restoration that the figures of the *Commedia dell'arte* became fashionable and familiar here. In Italy they spoke in the dialects of various districts, Harlequin being a servant from Bergamo, and Pantaloon a Venetian merchant. (The church of St. Pantaleone in Venice is remarkable for a prodigious ceiling painted by Fumiani representing a splendiferous ballet of martyrs and angels.) In England these characters became silent early in the eighteenth century, when Rich won vast popularity by playing Harlequin in a series of true pantomimes. An uneducated man, and considered wise therefore to avoid speaking, he was evidently a mime of genius and a producer ingenious in providing spectacles which the Town admired.

> By the help of gay scenes, fine dresses, grand dances, appropriate music, and other decorations, Mr. Rich exhibited a story from Ovid's *Metamorphoses* or some other fabulous work. Between the pauses or acts of this serious representation he interwove a comical fable consisting chiefly of the courtship of Harlequin and Columbine with a variety of surprising adventures and tricks that were produced by the magic wand of Harlequin, such as the sudden transformation of palaces and temples to huts and cottages, of men and women into wheelbarrows and joint-stools, of trees turned to houses, of colonnades to beds of tulips, and mechanics' shops into serpents and ostriches.

The next important development in pantomime was again due to the talents of individuals, the Grimaldis. The father created the character of the clown. Shakespeare's clowns were descendants of the Vice in the mediaeval mystery-plays, but Grimaldi's clown was a development of the unimportant Italian character of Punchinello. (Mr. Wilson, by the way, does not make clear the relation between the pantomime clown and the circus clown with his "Auguste.") The younger Grimaldi, the most famous of all clowns, retired from the stage, broken with exhaustion, in 1828, and his disappearance hastened a change which was occurring in pantomime. Till then what we call the Harlequinade had been the chief part of the entertainment, though it was preceded by an "opening," a scene from some well-known story, the characters in which were magically transformed into Pantaloon, Columbine and their fellows. But now the "opening," with its songs, dances, couplets, repartees and spectacle, became increasingly important. The success of Planché's extravaganzas, based on fairy-tales, coincided with a development in the art and mechanism of scenery, of which Beverley was the chief inventor; and about the middle of the century spectacle and punning became the chief attractions of pantomime. Mr. Wilson gives examples of these puns, in which Blanchard, Frank Green, Henry Byron and Burnand showed a horrible and Joycean ingenuity. It was in the 'seventies that pantomime became what we know to-day; the part of principal boy was taken by planturous beauties, glad to exhibit their rich curves in trunk-hose, and comedians (like the great Dan Leno in the Boer War period) played the "Dame," an

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incarnation of those stock nineteenth-century comic figures, the Old Maid and the Mother-in-Law. Sausages, beer, washing-day, betting and gentlemen-lodgers were the favourite and inexhaustible themes of popular humour, and topical songs with political allusions (always, I fancy, for some mysterious reason with a Conservative bias) were an additional delight. In fact, pantomime had become an entertainment in which music-hall artists give more or less their usual performance, while pretending to be characters in a fairy-tale. (From what I have noticed at music-halls lately, the fairies this Christmas are likely to provide an inexhaustible mine of *double entendres*.) The original pantomime, that is the Harlequinade, is usually omitted altogether or hurried over in a few minutes; but with luck you may get a member of the great Lupino family performing that fascinating feat of theatrical acrobatic, the "trap" act.

Mr. Wilson's book is packed with odd and interesting scraps of information, and the illustrations are fascinating. There is a curious pathos and poetry about the history of the theatre, coming partly from the contrast between the incomparable (because it is as it were tangible) success of the performers, and the quick evanescence of their art: when the clapping and the shouts are over there are left only memories in a few bald or greying heads, and then nothing but the fading scent which clings to the names of those loved and praised by great writers.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

SPECIAL FOR TINY TOTS

Yacki. By GERMAINE DEFLOU and SALBY AVEDIAN. *Chatto and Windus.* 5*s.*

The Pied Piper. By WALT DISNEY. *Lane.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

The Pied Piper of Hamelin. By ROBERT BROWNING. Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM. *Harrap.* 5*s.*

Tales From Ebony. By HARCOURT WILLIAMS. *Putnam.* 6*s.*

Polly Who Did As She Was Told. By MARGARET and MARY BAKER. *Blackwell.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Wood That Came Back. By CLARE LEIGHTON. *Nicholson and Watson.* 5*s.*

The Youngest Omnibus. Conducted by ROSALIND VALLANCE. *Nelson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Runaway Dolls. By ELIZABETH CHERRINGTON. *Hutchinson.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

The Adventures of the Three Baby Bunnies. By PATRICIA ROBINS. *Nicholson and Watson.* 5*s.*

Widdy-Widdy-Wurkey. By ROSE FYLEMAN. *Blackwell.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Master Toby's Hunt. By A. O. FISHER and FRANK HART. *Country Life.* 5*s.*

The Tale of Kinikot. By DOROTHY M. CROSTHWAITE. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

It is a long, long way from *Stepping Heavenward*, *Barriers Burned Away* and *Little Eric*, those dreary works given as Sunday School prizes to our parents and left on the whatnot for us, to the fresh, light-hearted books, all gaily illustrated and almost all lacking in Moral Purpose, that form this list. Only those who have sat, or tried to sit, on a velvet cushion on an American leather sofa, trying desperately to turn over the pages of *Sunday at Home* without waking their snoozing parents, can realise what luck attends the children born out of that world of wool-mats and whispers and childish wrong-doing. All of these fine books, comparisons with the past apart, are good and are to be recommended; though I feel inclined to divide them into three classes: the pretty good, the jolly good, and the masterpieces. Unfortunately there is only one masterpiece, and, unfortunately for those with insular notions, it happens to be French.

The masterpiece is *Yacki*. Yacki, who in the pictures resembles more than anything a ventriloquist's doll, is a small boy who lives with his grandpa, his mother, his small brother and his dog Fido, in a pink house with a blue roof, and who cherishes a longing—which we are always given to understand is confined to good British boys—to go to sea. Nobody else has a Navy, of course, except the British, but Yacki somehow manages to be taken as cabin boy on a French ship. Off he goes, then, with his kit-bag, leaving relatives and friends waving from the quay, to begin life on the ocean wave. And what a life! Into the space of about a fortnight Yacki manages to cram a lifetime of astonishing adventures: tries to look at a seal by leaning over the ship's railings and falls into the sea, ties his scarf round the seal's neck, gets pulled ashore and is stranded. Ice-packs, Laplanders, bears! Yacki's ship sails home and Yacki, all alone, left for dead on the wastes of ice. Dead, my aunt! Yacki feeds the bears with biscuits and waits for the aeroplane to come and rescue him. And an aeroplane does come, and the aeroplane, with Yacki in it, bursts into flame. Incombustible Yacki! He falls into the sea, swims about fifty miles and is picked up by a ship (French again), is filmed by Mr. Flick the camera man, and arrives home with terrific glory and the municipal band playing (I infer) *Believe It If You Like*.

It is, however, impossible not to believe it. For *Yacki* is a masterpiece not simply by virtue of its story, astonishing enough, but by the way its story is presented. The book is rather an unusual shape: very long, about fifteen inches by about nine inches deep. This unusual length is explained by the fact that *Yacki* has not only to be read, but to be cut out. (All I was ever allowed to cut out were ancient pictures of ladies in bandeau-hats and hobble-skirts, though it seems likely that I shall very soon be putting in a good deal of work on *Yacki*.) And the method of cutting-up the book is ingenious, for only the right half of the book has to be cut, leaving the left half intact, a complete record of Yacki's adventures. I imagine that the cut-out models will be first-rate. Certainly the pictures altogether are the best I have ever had the fortune to see in a child's book. They are extremely French: very gay, slightly fantastic and at the same time both realistic and absurd. The large double picture showing the aeroplane setting off to rescue Yacki is a gem: the mechanics rushing about with spanners, the pilot having his picture taken, the typically French youth with racing bike and thick red lips, and so on, the whole scene fantastically brilliant and animated. The text and the cutting-out directions are throughout, in English. The rest is sublimely French. In short, *Yacki* is unique, and parents who neglect to obtain it ought to be summarily spanked.

After *Yacki* the rest of these books appear rather like dog biscuits after Christmas cake. But at least five of them belong to the jolly good class, and one, Walt Disney's *Pied Piper*, comes very near to being a masterpiece. Thanks to Disney, it has been a great year for pigs, but it now seems likely that it will be an astonishing Christmas for rats. Disney's full genius can hardly be expected to appear in static pictures in books. The wonderful scene in which the rats catapult bananas out of their skins is glorious in movement, and can only be a tenth as good on paper. And the silly symphonic variations, alas, are naturally missing. Even so, some of the electric absurdity which has made little pigs so famous has undoubtedly found its way into this book, and it stands next to *Yacki*, far outshining Mr. Rackham's very different version of the same story.

Mr. Harcourt Williams' *Tales From Ebony* runs the Disney very close, and more by reason of its illustrations than its text, good though the text is. A child's first question about a book is always, "Are there any pictures?" and I can only liken the thirty-two illustrations by C. F. Tunnicliffe to Persian MS. paintings. They have something of the same brilliant colouring and odd humour and animation. The stories they illustrate must already be famous among children, for the author has told them for some years at the Jean Sterling Mackinlay matinées and in the Children's Hour at Broadcasting House. Many of them, such as *The Golden Goose*, *The Tinder Box*, and *Snow White and Rose Red* are retold tales. There is also, I may say, a chapter on young pork. And the stories are all charmingly told. They read aloud smoothly and easily, and the extreme simplicity of the narrative gives any imaginative reader a fine chance. The title, *Tales From Ebony*, seems to indicate Ethiopia. But Ebony is, as the map will show, in Kent.

Both *Polly Who Did As She Was Told* and *The Wood That Came Back* might seem to belong to the Moral Purpose category. Actually there is hardly so much as a grain of mustard seed of any purpose, except enchantment, in either of them. More so even than *Tales From Ebony*, they rely on pictures for most of that enchantment and its success. The silhouettes in *Polly* are extraordinarily alive, and the story comes very near in its naivety and delight to Andersen. In Miss Clare Leighton's book the mustard seed of Purpose is just evident, but the Purpose is good, and it is pretty clear that Miss Leighton hopes to see the seed planted in the minds of all children who read her book, a hope which I endorse. For this is the story of the Man Who Cut Down a Wood and Suffered For It. And suffer he did; and, as James Stephens said, a jolly good job, too.

And talking of James Stephens, here he is in *The Youngest Omnibus*, sitting next to Hans Andersen and the author of *Polly*

BELL

New Books at a glance

Title and Author	*Description*	*In a word or two*	*Critics' Commentary*	*Prices (net)*
NINE O'CLOCK STORIES *by* 14 famous authors	The book of the brilliant B.B.C. series of short stories by Peter Fleming, de la Mare, Desmond MacCarthy, Dorothy L. Sayers, Helen Simpson, Richard Hughes, etc.	*short stories*	'a good book for men.' HARPER'S BAZAAR 'intensity of action . . . . incisive plot . . . quick climax.' BIRMINGHAM POST	*6s.*
THE LAND OF PLENTY *by* Robert Cantwell	An intensely powerful story of life in a factory town. One of the outstanding novels of the year.	*novel*	'a work of very great dramatic power.' TIME AND TIDE "The book "gets you" . . . its power is inescapable.' JOHN O' LONDON'S	*7s. 6d.*
THE WANDERING PRINCE *by* L. Dumont-Wilden	A new life of Prince Charlie written with remarkable detachment and a fine swing and eminently readable.	*biography*	'a charming book.' DR. J. M. BULLOCH	*10s. 6d.*
PROGRESS OF ARCHAEOLOGY *by* Stanley Casson	A fully illustrated round-the-world survey of modern archaeological discovery.	*archaeology for the general reader*	'There is probably no other book in existence covering the same ground and covering it so authoritatively.' O. G. S. CRAWFORD in the *Listener*.	*6s.*
SILENT HOURS *by* Robert de Traz	Discloses the world of the consumptive in a mountain sanatorium.	*human document*	'M. de Traz has expressed the lights and shades of that experience with fineness of culture and with intrepid frankness.' EDMUND BLUNDEN in the *Book Society Annual*	*5s.*
ROSE CLARENDON *by* an Indian Author	A gem of a book. The story of a beautiful and virtuous maiden. The scene is India; the time, to-day; the telling, early Victorian.	*humour*	'a delicious book.' SUNDAY TIMES 'extremely funny.' LIVERPOOL POST 'it *is* funny—very funny indeed.' RICHARD KING (*Tatler*)	*5s.*
C. P. SCOTT of the Manchester Guardian *by* J. L. Hammond	One of the best and most important books of 1934. 3rd Impression nearly ready.	*biography*	'One of the best short biographies ever done.' J. L. GARVIN	*12s. 6d.*
WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY *Second Edition*	New from cover to cover. The ideal general purpose dictionary. Superb as a dictionary, Webster is unique as a dictionary and encyclopaedia combined.	*speaks for itself*	'undoubtedly the most wonderful single volume in existence.' PROF. JULIAN HUXLEY 'a perfect tool and a fascinating toy.' PHILIP GUEDALLA	*£1 4s. to £5.17.6*

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Who Did As She Was Told. The bus is crammed full, standing room only: John Keats squashed between Ouida and A. A. Milne; Coleridge treading on S. G. Hulme Beaman's toes; Marcia St. John Webb sitting on Richard Hughes' lap; Arthur Ransome arm in arm with Rosalind Vallance; people standing on the stairs and sitting with the driver. Nearly a hundred people in all; the time-table seven hundred pages long; and the bus going anywhere just to see how far it is. At seven-and-six this is a dirt-cheap ride. And without doubt, if it comes to a question (and it *does* come to a question) of price and value for money, this is the bargain book.

Like almost all these books *The Runaway Dolls* owes a large part of its success to its illustrations; and here, as in *Yacki*, they are by a continental artist. The title tells the story for itself and puts the book just into the Moral Purpose class, though nothing can persuade me that any child, of whatever sex or whatever age, even after reading this book, will do anything but leave its dolls and toys scattered over the drawing-room floor as though a tornado had just passed. So much indeed for the Moral Purpose.

The Runaway Dolls ends the jolly goods. The rest are good, but not so good. Even so, I am enchanted to welcome the first publication of Miss Patricia Robins, aged 12, who is assisted in the act by Miss Grizel Maxwell, aged 14, Miss Robins, realising her debt to those who reared her, has dedicated her book to "My Darling Mummy and Daddy, who are Paying Sevenpence a week to keep my White Rat." (I was right, it seems, in thinking that it was going to be a good Christmas for rats. Sevenpence a week! There's luxury for you.) Miss Robins, as reviewers used to say, should go far. Though it seems likely that her friend, Miss Maxwell, whose illustrations are excellent, may very well go farther.

The remaining three books are excursions into verse; the most difficult of all mediums, to my mind, where children are concerned. In this respect, Miss Fyleman knows her job, and she has here selected and translated about fifty very brief nursery rhymes from the Italian, Czech, Dutch, Norwegian, German, French, Welsh, Austrian, Chinese, and so on. These are good, but the illustrations by Valery Carrick are better. The pictures, on page seven, showing the Fond Parents (*a*) patting their son on the head, (*b*) patting him on the bottom, all inside a couple of seconds, are not only good artistically, but, in my experience, sadly true to life.

The main fault with both *Master Toby's Hunt* and *The Tale of Kinikot* is not that they lack originality or charm but that their verses can only be scanned at times after great gymnastical effort. And if a parent can't scan them what is a child to do—and think? The eighth deadly sin is a rhyme which is supposed to scare but won't. It comes even before the sin of the parent who neglects to buy *Yacki*.

H. E. BATES

FOR THE LARGER INFANTS

The Fairies Return. By VARIOUS AUTHORS. *Davies.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Heath Robinson's Book of Goblins. *Hutchinson.* 6*s.*

Æsop's Fables. Illustrated by HARRY ROWNTREE. *Ward Lock.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Sergeant Poppett and Policeman James. By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. *Blackwell.* 1*s.* 3*d.*

Broody. By MABEL MARLOWE. *Blackwell.* 1*s.* 3*d.*

The Enchanted Blanket. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. *Blackwell.* 1*s.* 3*d.*

The Enchanted Island. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. *Blackwell.* 1*s.* 3*d.*

The Clumber Pup. By ELEANOR FARJEON. *Blackwell.* 1*s.* 3*d.*

Jim at the Corner. By ELEANOR FARJEON. *Blackwell.* 5*s.*

Joc Colette and the Animals. By VERA BARCLAY. *Burns Oates.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Mimed Ballads and Stories. By GERTRUDE PICKERSGILL. *Pitman.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Balderdash Ballads. By J. R. MONSELL. *Heinemann.* 5*s.*

One feature common to all these books is that they are inexpensive; the dearest of them, which happens also to be a dear book in another sense, costs only a fraction of the price of a speed-boat—always presuming that there still exist chance infants who prefer books to machines—and the cheapest of them, belonging to the well-established series by Mr. Blackwell, are cheaper than boxes of chocolates—always presuming, I fear, that there exist odd children who don't prefer sweets to the written word. But, fortunately perhaps, the choice of things is not always left to the child; and I think that if by some chance I happened to be Mr. Edgar Tiddle, of Hendon Green, a harassed business man with twelve nieces and nephews, and Christmas three weeks off, I would be profoundly glad of the opportunity, offered by these twelve books, of polishing off the kids' present problem for less than a couple of pounds and with neither fuss nor embarrassment.

The dearest book, in, as I say, both senses of the word, is *The Fairies Return*, a collection of traditional and famous stories retold by contemporary authors, which seems to me to set a new standard in books for children of middle-age. Undoubtedly the standard in children's books, so strongly challenged already by Disney's symphonies and Mickey Mouse, will have to rise. Children's books have far too long been written in the misguided—I might almost say insane—assumption that children are angels, whereas it is painfully evident to those who are parents that they really are devils untied. Disney has recognised this, I think, and there is a spirit of devilry and mischief in his work that finds instantaneous response in children of all ages, including parents who never grow up. The stories in *The Fairies Return* have been written on this same refreshing assumption that children are perfect devils and on the further assumption that the children of to-day are so many worldly wise's who know a good deal more about things in general than their parents would like to think. This, it seems to me, is all to the good. To some it may appear heretical to Americanise *Big Claus and Little Claus*, as the authors of *1066 and All That* have done, but there is ample room for this new version as well as for the original Andersen, and he will be a pretty dull dog who doesn't burst a waistcoat button or two over this gangster version of one of Andersen's finest tales. Indeed I am not so sure that the child who receives this book is going to have, for a time at any rate, much fun with it. I fear that there will be a good deal of "Just a minute, my boy, I'm just looking at this story. You shall have it in a minute," going to "Just a minute, just a minute. Don't interrupt! I'm reading," growing to "Didn't I tell you not to interrupt! Can't you see I'm reading! Do you want me to put the book away? Well then!" developing finally to "Another word from you, young man, and upstairs you go!"

If this happens, as I am sure it will, the whole experiment will be amply justified. For the greatest children's creations, *Alice*, *Andersen's Tales*, Mickey, and so on, all appeal powerfully to the grown up too. And such is the array of contemporary talent in *The Fairies Return* that there may even be misguided parents who will appropriate the book as a collector's item. For the following writers, apart from the malicious authors of *1066 and All That*, have contributed, rewriting tales from Andersen, Grimm, *The Thousand and One Nights* and traditional sources: A. E. Coppard, whose version of *Jack the Giant Killer* is a killer itself, Clemence Dane, E. M. Delafield, Lord Dunsany, Anna Gordon Keown, Eric Linklater, A. G. Macdonnell (whose Ali Baba, an author, was so rich that his novel was bound to be good, and who in consequence was made an honorary LL.D., awarded the Hawthornden Prize, and elected Vice-President of the P.E.N.), E. Arnot Robertson, Helen Simpson, Lady Eleanor Smith, E. Œ. Somerville, Robert Speaight, Christina Stead, and G. B. Stern. These authors have, together, made a bumping book, and one to which I hope the publishers will contrive to issue a yearly successor.

In comparison with this book the rest of them, with the notable exception of Mr. Heath Robinson's *Book of Goblins* and the two books of ballads, appear rather like flat sherbert. But perhaps only by comparison, for Æsop is never dull, though I sometimes wonder if he is not lost on children, and Mr. Harry Rowntree's coloured illustrations are full of humour and gaiety, and the re-telling by Miss Blanche Winder is brief and succinct, though neither the illustrations nor the text seem to me nearly so fresh and lively as the work in Mr. Robinson's *Book of Goblins*. This is a fat book, containing about fifty folk-lore and fairy tales collected from Central Europe by Mr. A. E. Johnson, whose light is so hidden under Mr. Robinson's bushel that he ought to be picked out for special mention. He deserves better luck and greater honour for his research; and still greater honour if he is responsible for the writing of these delightful tales.

There are already fifty-six titles in the Blackwell series and this number includes the new stories by Miss Marlowe, with her story of the moon-struck rabbit, Mr. Blackwood and the scorching business of the Flying Squad and the maiden in distress, Miss Farjeon's romantic dog-story, and Mr. Compton Mackenzie's two excellent tales of enchantment, with the geography—trust Mr. Mackenzie—all as correct and neat as a council plan. And here one may revert to Mr. Edgar Tiddle; for Mr. Blackwell's

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'An achieved poet . . . the language of her poetry, rich and subtle as it is in association and vital in vocabulary, has a simplicity of syntax which gives it a noticeable immediacy of appeal, even while suggesting immense reserves of feeling.'
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RAYMOND MORTIMER in the Observer 7s. 6d.

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'Love, smuggling over the Italian-Austrian frontier, winter sport and English pride give Mr. Heygate plenty of scope for the development of his delicate art.' RICHARD CHURCH in John o'London 7s. 6d.

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books, uniform in format and price, would save Mr. Tiddle a great deal of embarrassment and jealousy if by some chance five of his neices and nephews belonged to one family.

Joc, Colette and the Animals at first reminded me of those nature study books, read collectively at school, in which one was properly led up the garden path by two children who were not children at all but spirits in league with the Education Committee. These children set out together, in the book, on country walks, and one prepared oneself for a story. Then suddenly came the disillusionment, the sickening realisation that it was all really propaganda.

"Look, Father, at the pretty buds on that large tree. What tree, Father, do you suppose it is?"

"That my dear children, is the horse chestnut. Observe that the buds are sticky. This stickiness is to prevent the buds, dear children, from being molested by frost, insects, disease and other agents. But let us look closer and observe further."

Horror! I thought for a moment that the nature book, which I hoped was dead, had been resurrected by Miss Vera Barclay, but I am glad to say that the thought was an injustice to her. Her story is certainly one of children and nature; but there is life in it, and she is not in league with any committee as far as one can judge, though she is concerned not only with a story about a cat, a parrot, a mouse, a guinea-pig, and other animals, but with the practical business of feeding and rearing these animals, as well as with their habits and origins. In short, if you want to give an animal book that has fact in it as well as fiction, ask for Barclay's.

After Miss Farjeon's pleasant book of stories, which however lack a little of that devil which I look for more and more in modern children's books, there remain only the two books of ballads, which are perfect companions to each other, Mr. J. R. Monsell's being utterly clownish and irresponsible, and Miss Pickersgill's a serious attempt to introduce the mimed ballad to children. Full stage directions are given to the little plays in Miss Pickersgill's book, but no music; a lot of music is given in Mr. Monsell's, but no stage directions; from which I infer that performers are expected to behave in one case with extreme propriety and in the other to act the giddy goat. The mimes will need a good deal of practice. The rest will come naturally.

H. E. BATES

ADVENTURES FOR BOYS

Young Fu. By ELIZABETH FOREMAN LEWIS. Illustrated by KURT WIESE. *Harrap.* 6*s.*

The Stolen Expedition. By L. E. O. CHARLTON. *Nelson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Near East Adventure. By L. E. O. CHARLTON. *Nelson.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Corsair of the Skies. By A. GUY VERCOE. *Blackie.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

The Ocean Bandits. By J. F. C. WESTERMAN. *Oxford.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Westow Talisman. By PERCY F. WESTERMAN. *Blackie.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Andy All-Alone. By PERCY F. WESTERMAN. *Blackie.* 5*s.*

The Fourth Engineer. By LAWRENCE B. BOURNE. Illustrated by ROWLAND HILDER. *Oxford.* 5*s.*

Seahawk. By MARY GRANT BRUCE. *Ward Lock.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Patagonian Holiday. By M. I. ROSS. *Routledge.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Haunters of the Silences. By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS. Illustrated by STUART TRESILIAN. *Nelson.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Adventures of Davy Crockett. Told by Himself. Illustrated by JOHN W. THOMASON, JR. *Scribners.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Some Great Adventure. By B. WEBSTER SMITH. *Blackie.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

At least three of the writers of this year's boys' books have really taken trouble. That in itself is very creditable. Not to take sufficient trouble is the most prevalent, and most contemptible, sin for boys' writers. I will admit that in writing a boys' book there should be a deliberate limitation; but this is not an act of mayhem or any relaxation of rules. The writer of a boys' book is playing chess without the queen; but that is still a game with a certain dignity, and not a mere slapdash. Of course the boy reader (as Mayne Reid used to call him) won't at the moment know the difference between bilge and drinking water; and the hurried grown-ups who choose and the shop-assistants who sell haven't time to know the difference. All the more credit then to the writers who are not led into easy temptation. From the above list I would single out three writers who have taken trouble, and give them unstinted praise: Elizabeth Foreman Lewis, L. E. O. Charlton, and M. I. Ross.

Young Fu was first published in America a year or two ago. I read it at the time, and have re-read it with unabated pleasure. It is a straightforward story of a Chinese boy, apprenticed to a coppersmith in a city fifteen hundred miles up the Yangtze River. His perfectly credible adventures bring him into contact with all manner of people; and the reader looks through Young Fu's eyes and feels his excitements and his triumph. Mrs. Lewis informs without being informative; you don't learn about Young Fu's China—you live it. It is a long time since I read *Kim*, and without re-reading *Kim* I won't recklessly say whether Mrs. Lewis has beaten Kipling. But I will say that *Young Fu* is in *Kim's* class. It is short, 245 pages even with Kurt Wiese's illustrations, which help to make the story actual. I don't know whether Mrs. Lewis can manage a longer and more complicated story, but I hope she will try. Meanwhile, over the shorter distance *Young Fu* moves beautifully, and is worth the money.

Like Mrs. Lewis, Air-Commodore Charlton has taken trouble to select from wide and well-remembered experience. For years past boys' books have been roaring with aeroplanes; but in fiction they are bad masters and good servants. Air-Commodore Charlton speaks with the accents of experience. You feel that he is not making the most of a little knowledge, but has plenty of reserve power. You also feel that he is not writing down to the reader, but talking along companionably and easily. It was obvious, from his own autobiography, *Charlton*, that he could, if he would, write first rate boys' stories; and the two here are first rate. Of *The Stolen Expedition* I complain only that the beginning is a trifle slow. It is fifty pages or so before the plot really gets going; but when the guardian and his pilot come to grief in the Sahara, and the two boys from the army come upon them with the stolen expedition, there are various high spots very accurately handled. *The Stolen Expedition* is produced in the format of an ordinary novel, and I wish that *Near East Adventure* were also in the small size instead of being puffed up and badly illustrated. Here there is no hesitation at the beginning; two Brighton boys run away and are quickly kidnapped by air. Their adventures start from the word go. What is equally important is that they keep up and make a strong finish. Whether the situations are unusual (with Charlton they generally are) or familiar, all details are realistically and naturally finished off.

The next six volumes are all fat and puffy. The publishers follow what I believe to be an outworn convention, that a boys' book should be monstrous. *The Corsair of the Skies* is a piratical aeroplane commanded by a mad scientist. *The Ocean Bandits* gives us a gang of crooks attacking a shipload of wealthy people with a powerful anaesthetic. Throughout both books quantity of thrills is mistaken for quality. Mr. Percy F. Westerman has a more practised hand, but in *The Westow Talisman* and *Andy All-Alone* he doesn't trouble to present any but lay-figures. Mrs. Bruce also knows how to mix the ingredients. *Seahawk* is the story of a motor boat in Australian waters, which is Mrs. Bruce's favourite setting. The fattest and most pretentious of all the volumes is *The Fourth Engineer*, for which the publishers expect a boy to trade two inches of crowded shelf space. True, the book is by Mr. Bourne, and the illustrations are by Rowland Hilder, and it starts well; but after the good beginning the author loses grip, and the characters, who began to be real, are never the same after they have been shipwrecked.

In *Patagonian Holiday* by M. I. Ross (a name which is new to me) there are no faults of carelessness. It is the story of two boys and a girl and their biologist uncle; they go from their American home by cargo boat to Patagonia to collect rare plants and flowers. There is a most curious and pleasant flavour about it; it tastes a little like Mayne Reid's *Plant Hunters*, and a little like Louisa Alcott; yet it is fresh and individual. The family are alive; the thirst for natural history is stimulating; and some of the episodes are highly engaging—such as, after the shipwreck, the turning of a whale's skeleton into a house. There is no nonsense and a great deal of pleasing information in these new plant hunters; and there is humour too. I knew *Young Fu* to be good, and expected good things from Air-Commodore Charlton; on *Patagonian Holiday* I came unexpected, and it a useful discovery for Christmas.

The Haunters of the Silences is not the best collection of Mr. C. G. D. Roberts's animal stories; but all of his tales have a pull. The frontispiece of the giant cuttlefish seems to me somewhat hypothetical as well as curdling; and I am more at home with Mr. Roberts's less agitating stories of land animals. Mr. Roberts makes his animals very human; to that great backwoodsman

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NISBET

and adventurer Davy Crockett, they were not human but all "critters." Davy Crockett's life is more interesting to adults than to boys, though Captain Thomason's illustrations are a pleasure for everyone. Mr. Webster Smith's volume of adventurers is a compilation from Hakluyt and later sources. F. V. MORLEY

EVERYDAY THINGS

A History of Everyday Things in England. Vol. IV (1851-1934). By MARJORIE and C. H. B. QUENNELL. *Batsford.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

A love of the past and a love of concrete objects have inspired Mr. and Mrs. Quennell in writing the amazingly good books which they have given us. Volumes I, II and III of the *History of Everyday Things* should be read by every intelligent boy and girl and fully deserve their very great success. But since the authors have been inspired by looking back into the past, their greatest admirers will have felt some uneasiness as to how they have dealt with the present. To write a real history of everyday things during "the age of production" 1851-1934 is an impossible task and Mr. and Mrs. Quennell have evaded it. They have not so much broken down under the strain as deliberately kept back in the nineteenth century. Thus in agriculture they give us descriptions of farming in the 'seventies and pictures of a thatcher's tools, of scythes, of milking a cow by hand, of a shepherd's crook and of hurdle making. But all these things had remained unchanged for centuries: one looks in vain for detailed descriptions of threshing machines, steam ploughs, tractors, milking machines, reapers and binders and all the innumerable everyday things which have come into use on the farm since 1850.

The volume is dedicated to the memory of William Morris, Burne Jones and Philip Webb, "who more than any other men contributed to the alterations of the appearance of everyday things in the nineteenth century." and there are dozens of references to Morris. There is not one to Roger Fry. They do not describe the change of taste growing out of post-impressionism affecting the designs of stuffs, carpets, curtains, tables and chairs. Gas-stoves, electric-cookers, electric lighting, central heating, and modern plumbing are conspicuously absent from their picture of everyday things. There are pictures of the earliest motor car and bone-shakers, and there are large coloured plates of the Cowley works, but there are no illustrations of modern cars or bicycles. There is no aeroplane except the Wright aeroplane. I can find no reference to stainless steel, or duralumin, or even aluminium. The devotion of the authors to the ideals of William Morris and of the Arts and Crafts Movement means that they are inevitably out of sympathy with very much in the modern world. They do, however, give an excellent account of refrigeration, and of how England has come to draw her food supplies from abroad. There is an excellent account of the garden city movement, of architecture and of building methods. But they are not sufficiently interested in machinery and in scientific developments to have succeeded in living up to the high standard they set in the earlier volumes. But to describe the last eighty years in two hundred pages was an impossible undertaking.

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ARTHUR BARKER

MORE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS BOOKS

The White Dragon. By LOGI SOUTHBY. *Rich and Cowan.* £1 1*s.*

Mary Poppins. By P. L. TRAVERS. *Gerald Howe.* 5*s.*

Kelpie, the Gipsies' Pony. By URSULA WILLIAMS. *Harrap.* 5*s.*

Saints and Beasts. Translations by HELEN WADDELL. Woodcuts by ROBERT GIBBINGS. *Constable.* 5*s.*

The Children's Matinée. By NOEL STREATFEILD. *Heinemann.* 6*s.*

Bibi Goes Travelling. By KARIN MICHAELIS. *Allen and Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Six Stories from Shakespeare. By HUGH WALPOLE (*King Lear*), THE RT. HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL (*Julius Cæsar*), VISCOUNT SNOWDEN (*The Merchant of Venice*), JOHN BUCHAN (*Coriolanus*), FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG (*Hamlet*), CLEMENCE DANE (*The Taming of the Shrew*). *Newnes.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A Royal Cinderella. By MARGARET IRWIN and HARRIETTE CAMPBELL. *Oxford University Press.* 6*s.*

In the uncertain light of a flickering fire, the children's Christmas books strewn about the carpet, in their bright jackets, one and all look jolly and good-natured, and it seems a shame to carp at any of them at Christmas time.

Anyhow, I have spared quite six from trial and certain execution, out of fourteen I have read. After that, among those left over for recommendation to people "seeking for a good book to give a child for Christmas," honesty compels me to say that I have not found a new one in the whole collection with enough true poetry or enough vigour in it to make me genuinely enthusiastic.

Take for instance that enormous green book about *A White Dragon*, heavily long, heavy to hold, and costing a whole guinea. It is fairly nice to read, and the faint pictures fairly nice to look at, but it would be a very unnecessary possession for a little boy or girl.

Then there is *Mary Poppins*. That, to me, is a humourless book, though full, full, from beginning to end, with "humour." Mary Poppins was the new Nannie the children at 17 Cherry Tree Lane were expecting. She shoots into the house with a bang, and slides *up* the bannisters. She is a Walt Disney sort of a Nannie—a mechanical fairy. But she does not charm like Mickey Mouse and the Walt Disney oddities, who are born of "Meccano" in which stuff they have found themselves and have developed character, and whose efforts to be human are touching beyond their nature. Now Mary Poppins' point appears to be that she is a woman who has become mechanised, and that it is funny seeing her dehumanised and all mechanical. To me, Mary Poppins is a dreary robot—an idiot. She ought to have remained human.

I am glad to turn to *Kelpie, The Gipsies' Pony* (recommended by the Junior Book Club), and from the "funny" drawings in *Mary Poppins*, to a picture of gipsy caravans winding down a steep hill out of a village.

"Kelpie" is a Scottish pony—Tammas is a gipsy boy taken on by a Scottish farmer for 1*s.* a week and his keep. There is another pony and there are other children; they have small adventures—there is a fire at the farm. A girl or boy of ten would like this book.

Then there is *The Children's Matinée*—"for not less than six years old or more than twelve." One knows those disheartening

MACMILLAN

Biography and Memoirs

THE LIFE OF JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN. By J. L. GARVIN. Volume III. 1895 to the close of 1900: Empire and World Policy. Illustrated. 21/-

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INDIA: MINTO AND MORLEY, 1905-1910. By MARY, COUNTESS OF MINTO. Illustrated. 21/-

"Right well has Lady Minto told the story of five critical years in Indian history."—(*Times Lit. Supplement.*)

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Lowry Cole was one of Wellington's best Divisional Commanders.
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SIR ROBERT MORANT: A Great Public Servant. By BERNARD M. ALLEN, M.A., LL.D., author of *Gordon and the Sudan.* Illustrated. 12/6

"In this excellent biography we have a picture of a man who cherished high ideals and spared no effort to bring them to reality."—(*The Times*).

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"Admirably done . . . a valuable and interesting account of an attractive and notable man."—J. L. HAMMOND (*Spectator*).

EDGAR ALLAN POE, 1809-1849. A Critical Biography. By DAME UNA POPE-HENNESSY. 10/6

"The best account of Poe written and published in England."—DESMOND MACCARTHY (*Sunday Times*).

Two Books Recommended by the Book Society

THE RUSSIAN JOURNALS OF MARTHA AND CATHERINE WILMOT: 1803-1808. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by the MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY and H. MONTGOMERY HYDE, F.R.Hist.S., author of *The Rise of Castlereagh.* Illustrated. 21/-

"Valuable for its authenticity . . . it entrances by its charm and vivid interest."—*Life and Letters.*

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In Fiction—DO NOT MISS

CAPTAIN NICHOLAS — Hugh Walpole

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HOW LIKE AN ANGEL — A. G. Macdonell

BESIDE A NORMAN TOWER — Mazo de la Roche

DEFY THE FOUL FIEND — John Collier

PROVINCIAL LADY IN AMERICA — E. M. Delafield

LOST HORIZON (*Hawthornden Prize*) — James Hilton

WINDFALLS (*Stories—Poems—Plays*) — Sean O'Casey

TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND — Edward Shanks

OLD MAN'S BIRTHDAY — Richmal Crompton

THE SEVEN PILLARS *A satire on modern life* — Fernandez Florez

(*All prices are net.*)

MACMILLAN

directions, such as " Get six Tate sugar boxes, and paint them black " or " Have the *limelights* worked from perches or stands on each side of the stage." Nevertheless I would give this to a boy or girl " mad on producing," as sometimes happens in the Christmas holidays. It will be a very useful book, and children would find ideas of their own after experimenting with the six plays—*The Cat, The Gentleman of the Road, The Princess and the Pea, and others*—with directions how to act them.

Next let us take *Beasts and Saints*. These are stories of " the mutual charities between Beasts and Saints " from the end of the fourth to the end of the twelfth century. They are short stories, beautifully translated by Miss Waddell from the original Latin of the same period; and the black woodcuts of animals such as hares, birds, dragons and squirrels have both charm and vigour. It would be a good book for a young child and a scholar to read together in lesson time. The scholar will attend to the " sources " at the end of the book, and when the two read " the story of the Blessed Ammon and the Dragons," the child may be glad of holding the scholar's hand. For it is a frightening beast " that with a mighty rush came out upon Ammon, (a holy father), breathing black foul fumes and uttering hisses and shrill shrieks." Luckily, when the page is turned, we hear that " that most dire dragon vomited forth its spirit and its venom together, and burst asunder with a loud crack."

Then there is *Bibi Goes Travelling* by Karin Michaelis. She is a Danish child—a very material, little castle-in-Spain maker—bent on excitements and adventures, but very comfortable ones, it must be said. She is a stowaway on a liner at one moment, but quickly gets into the cook's kitchen, and in no time is eating lamb cutlets, and a chicken leg, and hard-boiled eggs, and jam, and sardines. She is a little globe-trotter, under cover of " sight-seeing for education," revelling in Rolls-Royces and bedroom suites, and gadget baths, and visiting the latest intellectual celebrities in European cities. She looks quite charming on the cover, but she is rather a tiresome little materialist-sentimentalist inside.

Six Stories From Shakespeare have been " undertaken " (a good word for it) by Mr. Hugh Walpole, Mr. Winston Churchill, and others, asked by Messrs. Newnes to re-write the stories of Shakespeare's six most popular plays.

Mary Lamb once wrote to Dorothy Wordsworth a letter in which she describes Lamb and herself sitting at one table, " like an old literary Darby and Joan," at work on their *Tales From Shakespeare*, which have been translated into five languages; " I taking snuff and Charles groaning all the while and saying he can make nothing of it—and then he *does* make something of it." I see Mr. Walpole, John Buchan and the others groaning like Lamb at their undertaking. All have made good pedestrian stories, especially Mr. Walpole. But Shakespeare, with all plot and no play, is rather dull, and here you will not find the fiery passion, nor the roots of life, nor the stars.

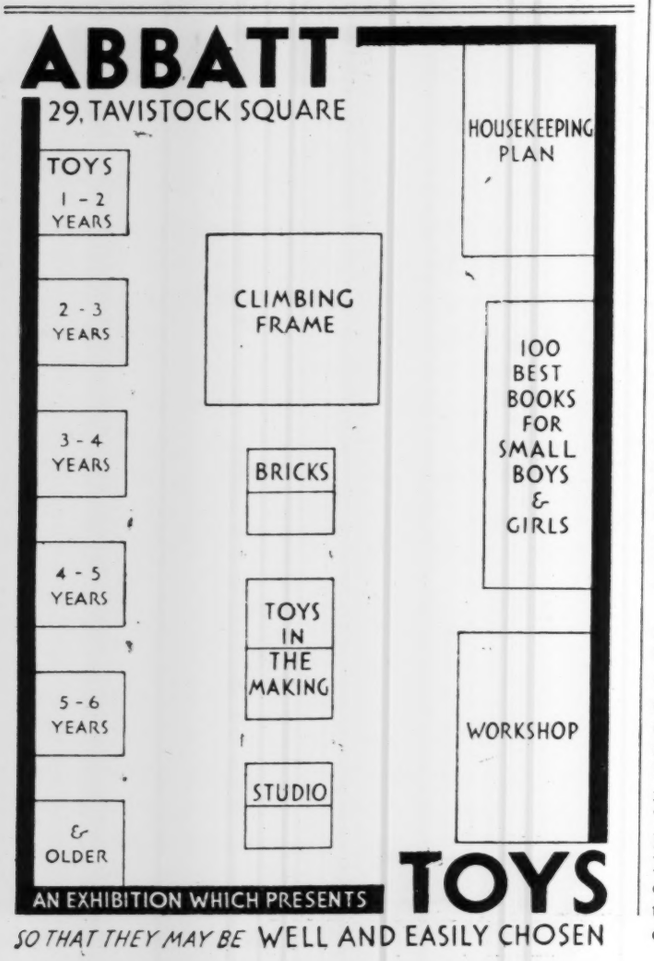
But anyhow, *Six Stories From Shakespeare* would be a good book to give as a holiday task. It is a great thing to get the plots " pat," so long as that never brings with it the statement " that the boy knows his Shakespeare."

Finally let me praise *A Royal Cinderella*. It is so difficult to find good historical novels for children. This one is neither stiff nor dull, nor overladen with " Prithees " and " Marrys ! " and " Zoundses." It is natural and alive. Minette is the daughter of Charles I of England, sister of Charles II, who loved his sister devotedly. She is a charming Princess, and very stirring and entirely true are her adventures, with her escape to France. One winter Minette had come back from France to St. James's Palace, on a secret visit to her brother. She was then sixteen. It was Christmas Eve and she could not sleep, so she sat by a candle and read *Hamlet*. The stars were shining outside her windows. When she pulled back the heavy curtains and looked across the Park, she saw the Towers of Westminster and floating lights on the river. She read the Christmas lines from the play :

> Some say that ever, 'gainst that season comes
> Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
> The bird of dawning singeth all night long,
> And then, they say, no spirits walk abroad;
> The night is wholesome. Then no planets strike,
> No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm,
> So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

It is an imperfect work, but at least there is some contact in the book with heavenly things.

MARY MACCARTHY



CURRENT AND OTHER EVENTS

News for Children. By STEPHEN KING-HALL. *Nicholson and Watson.* 5s.

Inside the Atom. By JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES. *Routledge.* 5s.

Tours Through the World of Science. By W. T. SKILLING. *McGraw-Hill.* 7s. 6d.

Heroes of Everyday Adventure. By T. C. BRIDGES AND H. H. TILTMAN. *Harrap.* 7s. 6d.

" Current events," I understand, have broken into the curriculum. So there are vows in the Sixth, pen biting in the Lower School (who on earth is this blighter Benes ?), heart-searching in the staff rooms, and even cross questioning in the home. If only one could place the naked, static event before the little beggars, leaving the uninterested to reject it, and the fervid young politicals to supply their own (usually infra-red) connections. But no. The incurious must be interested, the dull stimulated, and all must somehow be guided to do their own thinking. With this end in view, the event itself is not as important as whence, whither, why it runs, what are the forces acting on it, and what should be done to direct it. Is it possible to make a current event a living picture to a class of children without illuminating it by means of the political spectrum and even indicating one's preference for the red or the blue end ?

I do not think this is possible, except occasionally when listening to Stephen King-Hall, who is unquestionably the most celebrated performer of this trick. Where masters and mistresses so much fear to tread, he breaks in, cool, direct, debonair, humorous, and brimming over with charm. His surname has gone long ago; the boys think him a great chap; to the girls he is a darling; mother wishes father had his way; and father says: " Well, I suppose that's fair enough." This being so, *News for Children* is news also for those who want to know how a conjuror does it. This little book is a reprint of the weekly lines which Stephen King-Hall dropped to children in the *Evening Standard* from February, 1933, to March, 1934. 1933 was a good sample year of the world's madness, and these letters fully exhibit it as it then raged over unemployment, trade, shipping, slums, tariffs, dictatorships and armaments. The writer is continually demon-

For Boys and Girls

Young Fu

By ELIZABETH F. LEWIS. *Illustrated in colour and black-and-white by Kurt Wiese. 2nd Impression.* 6/- *net*

Junior Book Club Choice
Awarded the Newbery Medal

"Children are said to be conservative in their bookish tastes; yet they will accept gladly enough a departure from convention if it be good enough and have that rare literary quality of a book such as *Young Fu*. A wholly delightful and unusual story . . . likely to appeal to intelligent children over twelve."—*Times Literary Supplement.*

Heroes of Everyday Adventure

By BRIDGES & TILTMAN. *Illus.* 7/6 *net.*

Narratives of firemen, lifeboatmen, police, miners, doctors, etc., who, in recent years, have faced sudden perils with true heroism. "This book is a safe bet, and I heartily recommend it."—L. A. G. STRONG (*Sunday Times*).

Wild Animals of Our Country

By W. S. BERRIDGE, F.Z.S. *With 65 magnificent photographs.* 5/- *net.*

The only book of its kind at such a low price. By the author of *All About Birds* and *All About Fish* (7/6 net each).

The Wolf King

By J. W. LIPPINCOTT. *Illustrated by E. Aris.* 6/- *net.*

Junior Book Club Choice

A fine story based on the author's own observations of wolves in Canada.

The Romance of Engineering

By DR. A. D. MERRIMAN. *Illus.* 7/6 *net.*

A popular account including many aspects of the subject. It describes engineering in antiquity, the steam engine, internal combustion engine, locomotives, ships, aeronautics, etc., in simple language.

ARTHUR RACKHAM'S

colour book this year is *The Pied Piper of Hamelin* (48 pages, 5/- net). "No child could meet [it] for the first time in a more pleasing form."—SYLVIA LYND (*Book Society Annual*).

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—*Times Literary Supplement.*

CLENNELL WILKINSON'S Prince Rupert the Cavalier

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"Should become *the* biography of its hero; it is certainly the best thing Mr. Wilkinson has written since his life of Nelson."—JAMES HILTON (*Daily Telegraph*).

"SINBAD'S" Red Saunders

Book Guild Recommendation. 2nd Impr. 8/6 *net.*

"He poached bird-of-paradise plumes in New Guinea, smuggled opium into the Andamans, and acquired rubies in Borneo. The exploits of Red Saunders make exciting reading."—*Times Literary Supplement.*

¶ **A Modern Sinbad,** *the amazing autobiography by "Sinbad" (7th Impression), now* 5/- *net.*

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¶ **The London Roundabout** (*3rd Impression*) *now* 5/- *net.*

JACK HOBBS' The Fight for the Ashes 1934

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strating topsy-turvydom and leaving it almost, but not quite, at that. His technique seems to be (*a*) to state a group of facts (even complicated numerical ones) very clearly, (*b*) to give a short and plausible immediate reason for them, and (*c*) to indicate much more vaguely what might be done about it. At his best he is brilliant. There is one letter here which contains more smashing truth and wit about the League and Japan than are to be found in a hundred leader columns. At his middling he states the facts and has his joke. His worst is a vein of whimsy. And all through, even in his most imperial mood, he is steadily on the side of freedom. He gives each of his current events a frame of sorts. What he never gives is a frame for the whole, but if he had supplied this it would be the work of the patcher-up, the puller-together, the steady optimist. So I have not enjoyed this book as much as I hoped. But my children think it great stuff. And in this connection, at this time, their opinion counts.

With mathematical physicists working at waves on Mondays and Wednesdays, and at corpuscles on Tuesdays and Thursdays, scientific events are extremely current. So current and wild indeed that a special talent is needed to shoot the average reader out of the world of sense into the world of atomic physic, without divesting him of his wits. Mr. Langdon-Davies has made an uncommonly good job of this. He knows exactly what ideas he must at all costs get across, and he knows how to make them stick. Superior people may deprecate this chatter about molecules dancing and atoms shedding petticoats of electrons as they get hotter. But this adventure in wonderland is much odder than Alice's, and how are we to make out what is before us unless we retain some shreds of our humanity? *Inside the Atom* contains more than its title indicates, for Mr. Langdon-Davies stalks the atom by way of the molecule, and his account of "nature's building bricks" is in fact a brilliant interpretation of such physical commonplaces as solid, liquid, gas, pressure, temperature, heat and weather, in terms of molecular energy. When we approach the atom the dread word quantum is never mentioned, but we have a picture of a statue in a city square which is laid out with concentric tram-lines on which the whirring trams are perpetually jumping their tracks. The difficulty is to connect this proton-electron world with the wave world. Mr. Langdon-Davies loses his form a little in ploughing through his waves, but he recovers it with a beautiful analysis of the waves made by the splash of a drop of water. "Splash" is the key of his synthesis—whenever an electron tram jumps its track it makes a splash in the ether; hence a wave. The way is then clear for his construction of the "ether piano," a very cosy way of surveying the whole gamut of radiation wavelengths, from wireless to cosmic rays. I do not know how much of exact truth this book contains, but I do know that it gives an extraordinarily useful picture of the kind of conclusion which is being drawn from the formidable mathematics and terrific electrical experiments on which it rests. It is full of the stir of scientific imagination, it is planned with great acumen, and because the manner is wedded to matter it is a work of style.

People who compile comprehensive stocks-in-trade of science are always thinking out new ways of ticketing their goods. Mr. Skilling's dodge is to keep his clients well on the move: there is a paraphernalia of tours, roads, signposts and the rest, and under this Minister of Transport we are given a glimpse of most of the scientific country. Books of this kind should be reviewed by tolerant encyclopaedists, not by lynx-eyed experts. I happen to know most about aeronautics, and when I joined the tour which took me past aircraft I was rather disappointed at the view I got. But aviation is only one of Mr. Skilling's smaller side-lines, and much of his book seemed on a higher level, particularly as regards the practical nature of the instruction and the pains taken to make the tourist look back on his journey. It should be added, perhaps, that the less I knew of a subject the better Mr. Skilling seemed to be handling it.

At this time of the year, rather highly coloured and luscious fruits are apt to fall from the Tree of Knowledge. *Heroes of Everyday Adventure* is a pleasant enough sample. The authors have been struck—as well they might be—by the risks which ordinary people cheerfully run in doing their jobs. So here we get a hearty assemblage of lifeboatmen, constables, firemen, scientists, steeplejacks, divers, miners, boy scouts and film actors, but neither pedestrians nor non-Aryans. Most of their adventures are properly thrilling, for the authors know the ups and downs of Queer Street. But I have a quiet taste in heroism, and I was most taken with the constable from Hale (Lancs) who kept a diary of his twenty-seven years' service :—

> In it is recorded that he walked up one street 10,477 times; rendered first aid in 121 cases; was called in to settle 124 violent quarrels between men and their wives; and that he received 15 black eyes, 13 kicks and six bites. BARRINGTON GATES

Stifled Children

Nearly all books written to amuse children take very good care to build up only that point of view which will be acceptable to their employers in later life. This means that parents who hold views inimical to the existing regime are hard put to it to find literature which will not stifle the minds of their children but which will not deprive them of the excitements they naturally demand.

We are glad to say that some distinguished and experienced friends think we are providing such material in *Comrades for the Charter* and *Bows Against the Barons* [Geoffrey Trease, each 2/6.] Thus, Miss V. A. HYETT, of King Alfred School, writes of *Comrades for the Charter*: "I regard it as a desirable counterblast to the accepted blood and thunder patriotism, and well calculated to arouse interest in the Chartist movement. . . . I shall put it in my School History Fiction Library and recommend it to children studying the period." Then, Professor LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE writes of the two Geoffrey Trease books that:—"the author is to be congratulated in having imposed such first-rate stories with so sound a tone. I have always held that the right social attitude should make for, not against, thrilling narrative in this kind of work, and the author has done admirably what I have long wanted to see done."

Mr. J. H. BADLEY, Head of Bedales School, writes:—"I have read (*Comrades for the Charter*) with much interest, and am putting it in our School Library. I hope that in publishing this and similar volumes you may find your venture justified—it is certainly good for children to have this side of the social problem brought home to them."

And Miss STORM JAMESON:—"I certainly think it very necessary that children should discover that knights and cavaliers were not the only adventurers in history, and be given as well the thrill of reading about heroes whose heroism they can begin imitating to-morrow. Both stories are exciting in themselves, and a vast improvement on the usual children's book."

Martin's Annual (edited by Joan Beauchamp, 2/6) gives in the same kind of country all the brightness and attractiveness of its *genre*.

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33 GREAT JAMES STREET W.C.1

A PUPIL OF THE ESKIMO

Watkins' Last Expedition. By F. SPENCER CHAPMAN. *Chatto and Windus.* 15*s.*

Mid-ice. By JOHANNES GEORGI. *Kegan Paul.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

One could not better Mr. Spencer Chapman's book as a Christmas present for any boy or man who loves nature and has any secret desire to pit himself against her forces. In a most charming introduction Mr. Augustine Courtauld says all that a reviewer should:

> . . . this picture of life on the Greenland coast and of these Stone Age people of such endearing simplicity does not put in the expression, nor is it the highly coloured masterpiece of a word-painter; rather should it be likened to a perfect photograph in the accuracy of its detail and the vivid clarity of its focus. . . . To know more: throw away your job, your friends, your cares, beg a quarter the money you will need and buy an eighth the food you will eat, learn the language and go there; not as a great white man to teach, but as an inferior to learn from these people something of their way of life: how to get a living from their barren country, how to share as they share, to endure as they endure, to live for the day caring nothing for the morrow, as they have done since before the time when we were painted blue.

Four members, the tempered core of the first expedition, described by the author in *Northern Lights*, set out to spend another year in Greenland to carry out survey and meteorological work for Pan-American Airways, who were interested in the possibilities of the Arctic route. Their leader, Watkins, was a first-rate kayakman and an experienced hunter, and they expected to live to a great extent on the birds, seals and salmon that he caught. But Watkins met with some misadventure in the ice and was drowned while hunting shortly after their arrival. After his death the other three members of the party carried on the work; a very

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CONSTABLE

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large part of their time had to be spent fishing and hunting, breaking in dog teams and fetching up supplies from Angmagssalik. But they knew the local dialect, and Mr. Spencer Chapman gives wonderful pictures of the delightful Eskimos, whom he was able to beat at their own game. For a month he lived alone while his companions fetched up supplies, and for three weeks ate nothing but meat and drank nothing but tea without sugar or milk—"and only gave it up because I felt so boisterously well that I was always taking more exercise than was good for my knee." At the end of this period a party of his Eskimo friends appeared after an unsuccessful hunting expedition :

> "You must all be very hungry now."
>
> "Yes, we haven't tasted seal-meat for a week." . . . After that all eleven of us sat down to a steaming bowl of seal-meat. I must say it gave me the greatest satisfaction to be able to feed a whole family of Eskimos on their own food in their own country. After the meal we put the table on one side and danced till midnight with no pauses except to change the records, and occasionally the needle on the gramophone. It is extraordinary how fond the Eskimo girls are of dancing.

He goes hunting with the Eskimos and eats raw polar bear kidneys still warm and raw seal blubber that tastes like a mixture of cream and nuts, he hunts, fishes, notes down the first rare bird visitors, fights his way through crashing icefloes and the wildest polar seas.

As he says himself: "What a marvellous life! How very much better than spending all one's life making money." Reading this delightful account of the Eskimos, who, thanks to Danish supervision, are increasing in numbers, makes one wonder whether it might not be possible to establish an Eskimo colony in the Antarctic. Mr. Spencer Chapman is the man for such a task.

Mid-ice, by Johannes Georgi, is the record of the Wegener expedition which wintered on the Greenland ice-cap in an elaborate underground snow and ice-castle, at the same time that Augustine Courtauld was keeping his five months' solitary vigil at the inland ice-station farther south. The Germans had a bad time, and *Mid-ice* is "a record of a chain of unlucky chances"—of frozen toes, amputated little by little with tin-openers, and the death of Wegener and the Greenlander Rasmus, and of being eaten alive by lice. The Germans suffered every agony, and Herr Georgi gives a very different picture from Mr. Chapman. Give *Watkins' Last Expedition* as a present, and then, if the recipient shows signs of dashing off incontinently to Greenland, give him *Mid-ice* to make him pause.

DAVID GARNETT

"A Certain Winner"—PUNCH

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by P. L. TRAVERS

Illustrated by Mary Shepard

5/-

"She is a delightful creation . . . Altogether a very nice book indeed, such as doesn't happen every Christmas—not by no means, as Mary Poppins would say. The pictures seem to me entirely correct."—AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS

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GERALD HOWE

ANIMAL BOOKS

Wild Animals of Our Country. By W. S. BERRIDGE, F.Z.S. *Harrap.* 5s.

All About Birds. By W. S. BERRIDGE, F.Z.S. *Harrap.* 7s. 6d.

Our Garden Birds. By H. MORTIMER BATTEN. *Nelson.* 5s.

The Animal Picture Book. By H. MORTIMER BATTEN. *Nelson.* 7s. 6d.

Beasts Royal. By PATRICK RUSS. *Putnam.* 5s.

The boy or girl who is interested in animals wants information, and in some directions it has been very hard to find. Thus while there have been dozens of excellent books on birds, telling one how to identify them and their eggs, of which *Name this Bird*, by Eric Daglish (*Dent* 7s. 6d), was one of the most useful, there has been practically nothing on English wild animals. For thirty years English children have been primed with every detail about American racoons and chipmunks when they wanted to know about hedgehogs and dormice. *Wild Animals of Our Country*, by W. S. Berridge therefore fills a definite gap, and is an extremely good book. Mr. Berridge has not been fortunate enough to hear two hedgehogs courting or he would have described the extraordinary chirruping conversation between them which sounds almost human. I heard this going on this summer, and was astonished when an electric torch revealed a pair of hedgehogs serenading me underneath the window. Mr. Berridge's authentic accounts of weasels killing hawks which had carried them into the air are most interesting. The photographs are not quite good enough. Measurements of the animals should have been included: this would be particularly helpful in identifying the mice. In *All About Birds* Mr. Berridge covers familiar ground and does it on the whole extremely well. But in such a comprehensive book, which cannot treat the different species in detail, some account of how birds fly might have been given as well as a section on anatomy and physiology. The selection of birds in *Our Garden Birds* is naturally rather arbitrary. Mr. Mortimer Batten includes the magpie and leaves out the whitethroat, the chiffchaff and the willow-wren, but the accounts of the birds given are quite good. *The Animal Picture Book* is exactly like hundreds of animal picture books that have gone before it. Mr. Mortimer Batten's text is excellent, but the pictures by several different artists, vary very much in merit.

In *Beasts Royal* Mr. Patrick Russ who, we are told, is only nineteen, provides a dozen animal stories which have a most unusual naive simplicity and directness—a knock-me-down quality of getting to grips with his subject, of a boy writing for boys. Each story is little more than an anecdote, a heron's fight with a pike, a peregrine attacking an egg-collector, the capture of a shark, and each would have gained if it had been told as an anecdote. But they have much more vitality than most stories of this kind.

D.G.

CATS

Big Cats and Little Cats. By HEDDA WALTHER. *Routledge.* 3s. 6d.

The Siamese Cat. By PHYL WADE. *Methuen.* 5s.

The Story of Ben-Ban. By A. M. M. HALES. *Burns Oates.* 2s. 6d.

Panther. By R. L. HAIG-BROWN. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

My only complaint against *Big Cats and Little Cats*, a delightful collection of photographs taken by Miss Hedda Walther, is that in the series of picture-books among which it is published it should be closely neighboured by *Big Fish and Little Fish*, *Mother and Child* and *The Beauty of the Female Form*. For there is nothing cold or fishy in the feline temperament. Cats are attracted to fish partly because, being themselves the most fastidious of dieticians, they recognise the envigorating properties of phosphorus, partly because we all of us love our opposites. With women they have very little affinity. Beauties are often likened to cats; but I know of very few beauties whose eyes can stand comparison with those of a fine Persian, and whose dignity and elegance are not put to shame by the spectacle of an ordinary tabby cat going slowly, meditatively and gracefully about her everyday

A Selected List from
ROUTLEDGE AND KEGAN PAUL

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TECHNICS AND CIVILIZATION by Lewis Mumford 61 Plates. 18s. net
The most discussed book of the year.

THE STORY OF GARDENING by Richardson Wright 156 Illust. 15s. net
"A classic of gardening history."—*Sunday Times.*

MID-ICE by Johannes Georgi 24 Plates. 12s. 6d. net
The most tragic and thrilling story in the history of exploration.

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"This beautifully balanced and workmanlike biography."—*Time and Tide.*

COLERIDGE ON IMAGINATION by I. A. Richards 8s. 6d. net

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PAGEANT OF CHINESE HISTORY by E. Seeger Illust. 8s. 6d. net

INSIDE THE ATOM by J. Langdon-Davies Illust. 5s. net

PATAGONIAN HOLIDAY by M. I. Ross Illust. 3s. 6d. net

business, though that business is but a question of visiting the earth-box. *Some* women are beautiful; very few cats, if properly treated, are altogether plain. Most women are bores—are capable, at least, of reducing husband or lover to a state of frigid exasperation; but even the stupidest cat has the supreme virtue of often effacing herself. Feminine beauty waxes and wanes with the changes of the moon; feline beauty is a constant source of refreshment.

Turn, for example, to the pages of this book. The introduction was unnecessary; and when Mr. Richardson, speaking of the vogue for cats introduced during the nineteenth century by Baudelaire and Poe, protests that cats should have been "more careful of the company they kept," he has surely forgotten that it was the author of the *Fleurs du Mal* who paid the entire race one of the most impassioned and heart-felt tributes it has yet received:

> Les amoureux fervents et les savants austères
> Aiment également, dans leur mûre saison,
> Les chats puissants et doux, orgueil de la maison,
> Qui comme eux sont frileux et comme eux sédentaires.

The second verse, I admit, is not very good; but, in the third, Mr. Richardson must surely recognise the accents of a true and perceptive cat-lover:

> Ils prennent en songeant les nobles attitudes
> Des grands sphinx allongés au fond des solitudes,
> Qui semblent s'endormir dans un rêve sans fin. . . .

And it is sad that Baudelaire, writing of himself crouched at the feet of the "pale Titan woman" whom his feverish imagination had conjured up—

> Comme aux pieds d'une reine un chat voluptueux

—should have introduced a wholly improper image. No cat ever sighed for the unattainable. The essence of a cat's nature is its common sense.

The foreword, then, might have been omitted. The photographs, however, both as photographs and as a portrait gallery of feline types, are among the most beautiful that have yet come my way. How soothing, for instance, is their effect if we turn to them straight from the rather lumpish and pasty nudes which Mr. Bertram Park and Miss Yvonne Gregory have assembled to illustrate *The Beauty of the Female Form!* Our appreciation of the female form is never disinterested; but since cats give us nothing, have no justification in our lives, moral, emotional or physiological, the love that they inspire might perhaps, without undue irreverence, be compared to Spinoza's love of the Divinity—a love that asks for no return, expects no response and feeds on the beauty of the thing contemplated. In these pictures we catch none of those painful sub-human gleams that are to be distinguished in the countenances of apes and dogs and, to a lesser extent, in the prehistoric attitudinisings of that delightful animal, the lemur. No. 7, a plebeian tabby, and No. 12, an aristocratic white Persian, are pensive, grave, concentrated, and yet as remote from the fretfulness of human life as it is possible for an intelligent organism to be. No. 6, the head of a magnificent Siamese, has all the dignity of a semi-deified Eastern potentate.

Siamese cats are a subject by themselves; and, when I suggested that well-trained and well-treated cats were rarely a nuisance, I should, no doubt, have confessed in parenthesis that a single Siamese—particularly a Siamese who feels that he or she is misunderstood—is capable of throwing a household into the utmost dismay and confusion, and of putting any prospect of work at an end. For the Siamese, unlike all other cats, demands constant attention and unfailing companionship at every hour of the day or night. Two cats keep one another quiet; but the Siamese cat, for whom no congenial feline company has been provided, will set to work to destroy the peace of a human family, rushing—with curiously heavy footsteps—up and down stairs, entertaining his owner, quite irrespective of what he is then doing, with interminable high-pitched conversation, and sometimes gnawing the tip of his pen as he tries to propel it. Siamese claws are fatal to upholstery. . . . Yet many are the rewards of the cat-lover who takes this display of unbridled individualism in the right spirit. I have known old ladies who ornamented their mantelshelves with dead South-American butterflies in little glass cases; but the living and moving eyes of the Siamese cat—a soft yet intense sapphirine blue, faintly yellowish round the slot that encloses the pupil—are more exquisite than the painted wings of any insect. Set off by the brown velvet of the Siamese mask they have a mad radiance that is, now and then, a little unnerving.

As Chairman of the Siamese Cat Club, Mrs. Wade was well qualified to write a practical handbook to the breeding, feeding and general care of Siamese cats, whether they are kept for show purposes or pleasure. Mr. Compton Mackenzie has supplied a charming introduction. . . . Of the two other volumes on the list, *Panther* is an absorbing story about a cougar; while *Ben-Ban* may serve to amuse a cat-loving nursery. Ben-Ban, I am afraid, is not very life-like. He is a Siamese; and that is the best one can find to say for him.

PETER QUENNELL

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PITMAN

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FLYING MEN

Scott's Book: The Life and Mildenhall-Melbourne Flight Told by Himself. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7s. 6d.

King of Air Fighters, The Biography of Major Mickey Mannock, V.C. By FLIGHT-LIEUT. IRA JONES. *Ivor Nicholson and Watson.* 10s. 6d.

Wings of Speed. By SIR HARRY BRITTAIN. *Hutchinson.* 5s.

All but the last chapter of Scott's book was written before the record-breaking flight to Melbourne, and the last chapter was cabled back from Australia. The early part of the book is extremely vivid and well written. As a young man Scott was typically rash and headstrong, and distinguished himself in the Air Force by turning over and "writing-off" more than his fair share of machines. Caution in the air did not appeal to him and if he was doubtful of an aeroplane's capacity, it seemed natural to him to throw it about in the air and see what wires snapped. The R.A.F. has a prejudice against rash pilots and Scott was not offered a long-service commission. In a fortunate moment he emigrated to Australia, where he soon got a job as a pilot flying in the Queensland and Northern Territories Air Services. Perhaps the best passage in his book describes how he found himself flying blind in cloud without instruments, got into the inevitable spin and crashed:

> I recovered consciousness to find myself enveloped in flames. There was a sickening period when with my wits not quite about me, I started brushing the flames away from my head and face with my gloved hands. I remember saying out loud to myself: "How soft these flames are," for in my benumbed and bemused state, there seemed no bite or sting in them. A quickening consciousness, however, impelled me to try and extricate myself from the crashed machine, and this I was able to do and rolled away from the bonfire. . . . I

JACK CONROY

THE DISINHERITED

Jack Conroy's novel has been making its way slowly but surely since publication in the early autumn. EDWIN MUIR, HAYTER PRESTON and BONAMY DOBRÉE (in *The Listener*, *The Referee*, *The Observer*) have vouched for its narrative power and intense human interest. And now RAYMOND MORTIMER (in *The Observer*) ranks it among the novels of observation which are better reading than most novels of imagination. At any rate, he recommends it to those who have the courage to face facts.

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SECKER

seemed to be one mass of blood, and then I suddenly remembered George Nutson.

Mr. Scott went twice back into the flames, once to pull out his companion and once to look for a fire extinguisher, and then started to wander off into the fog to fetch help shouting for help as well as a broken top jaw, hanging down over his chin, would permit. He found a house, knocking at a door which was slammed in his face by a terrified woman. All this is told absolutely simply and directly and is extremely moving. After he had recovered and begun flying again, Scott was inevitably tempted to try and beat the Australia-England record, which he has done more frequently than any living man. It is not surprising to learn that he has come to hate the Timor Sea.

Many characters in the life of Micky Mannock will be familiar to readers of that wonderful book *Warbirds*. Mannock was the son of an Irish corporal and from a boy showed great enterprise. After some experience as a telephone linesman he went out to Constantinople where he got a good job in an English telephone company. When war broke out he was interned but was exchanged on account of defective eyesight—a defect he was successful in concealing when he enlisted in the Air Force.

He was the first allied pilot to train his squadron to fight in formation, and his methods were most successful in maintaining British ascendancy in the air, the Germans being reluctant to fight over the allied lines. Mannock, who had been a strong Socialist, developed a violent hatred for the Germans, and this bloodthirsty streak in his character was more Irish than English. The longer he fought the more savagely relentless he became. Flight-Lieutenant Ira Jones, D.S.O., was a member of Mannock's squadron, and his account is a first-hand picture. In *Wings of Speed*, Sir Harry Brittain boosts aeroplanes continuously from the first page to the last. The book is thoroughly up to date and is packed with facts, but the tone is so exaggerated, the author's style so hectic and so banal, that the reader longs to escape from all thoughts of aeroplanes. It is strange that such a style should be used to describe the cold lonely spaces of the sky in which one can forget man's fussy propagandist voice. "10,083"

THE OLD SCHOOL LYRE

Merchant Taylors Anthology. Edited by JOHN GAWSWORTH. *Rich and Cowan.* 5s.

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So the "old school" fever has broken out in a fresh spot! These well-produced volumes belong to a series entitled the *Public School Poets*, each of which is edited by Mr. John Gawsworth (member of the Royal Society of Literature). "Not only," says the publishers, "should these works prove irresistible to every 'Old Boy' and his circle, but also to the poetry reading public who would follow the historical and poetic importance of the foundation of the learning of our race."

It is clear that there are innumerable Old Boys; for in these enlightened times nearly every octogenarian and every pimply greenhorn of nineteen can claim to be *ex-officio* a schoolboy and *ipso facto* an "Old Boy." Thence arises the cult or folly. Though the majority of English follies and round-games takes place in privacy or within the decency of confines which are not obtrusive, this Old Boy racket is one which has neither reticence or shame. Like smoking or the latest American slang it spreads through the land with the tenacity of a habit and the vulgarity of a craze. Hitherto its sentiments have been exhibited to the sports ground, the public life of the street or to week-end breakfast tables; now, however, it is not impossible that we shall live to see Sir Thomas Beecham's back clothed in a blazer of distinguished colours or Mr. W. B. Yeats's collected volumes in the wrapper colours of a famous school. The folly is one which is tolerated so long as it does no harm and gives pleasure to a number of people with cohesive or separatist tendencies, but this incursion into literature is surely a deplorably funny event.

The collections before us represent in each case a selection of lyrics and shorter poems written by Old Boys from the time of the school's foundation till 1934. They are cross-sections through English literature based only upon the random fancy of the poet's parents in sending him to a certain school. The result is a curious mixture of well-known names and fantastic nonentities dragged out

of deserved oblivion. And they are not well chosen either. Of what literary or intrinsic merit are these lines quoted from a poem by J. K. Stephen—one need not say from which anthology:

There's a long low wall with trees behind it,
And an old grey chapel behind the trees,
'Neath the shade of a royal keep you'll find it,
Where Kings and Emperors take their ease.

There's another wall with a field beside it,
A wall not wholly unknown to fame;
For a game's played there which most who've tried it
Declare is a truly noble game.

And again of what value can it be to the reader of poetry to read one hundred and eight pages of the not unfamiliar work of Edmund Spenser in *Merchant Taylors Anthology*, or one hundred and fifteen pages of Byron in the Harrow book? We think he would turn to these poets upon his own shelves. Though the compiler has unearthed a few unfamiliar poems which have some value, it is asking a lot of the enthusiast that he should delve for them among the archives of the poets' old school.

Undoubtedly, then, they are works for "Old Boy" consumption, those who wish to play the game, to join in the fun and to pretend that there is a connection between going to school and writing poetry. Mr. John Gawsworth, we observe with enthusiasm, had strong Old Boy feelings himself. The following is an extract from a poem *To Merchant Taylors' School, On the Occasion of Foundations being laid at Sandy Lodge (from a hitherto Unpublished Manuscript)*:

Therefore, this day,
That witnesses a seeming insecurity,
Your fourth construction, here on alien ground,
I cannot feel one quiver
(Time, Time alone shall shiver!)
As standing on your plain I look around;
For, whereso'er be Love and Loyalty—
O school
Long-proven rule!—
Saved is their altar for posterity.

In the words of the poet (Etonian) it "is a truly noble game."

JOHN PUDNEY

DIVINE CONTENT

The Poems of W. H. Davies. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

It is nearly thirty years since an unknown tramp, living in a Kennington doss-house, sent a book of verses to Bernard Shaw, with the request that he would buy them for half a crown.

It was a gesture of despair, for W. H. Davies, the vagabond in question, had spent all his capital in printing the book, which he called *The Soul's Destroyer*. It was well named, for it nearly destroyed his soul. He sent copies to the papers, but of course they took no notice. Literary editors, even in those days, were fully occupied in dealing with the books put out by reputable publishers, and had no time to attend to the odd pamphlets printed in broken type on soya paper and issued by cranks, eccentrics, and down-and-outs from those unacknowledged asylums, the boarding-houses of Bayswater, or the doss-houses of Lambeth.

But that last-moment audacity, half-innocent, half-shrewd, turned the tide of ill-luck and misery. Mr. Shaw, with his habitual good fortune, happened to open the parcel, being attracted, as he says, by a hand-writing that "was remarkably delicate and individual: the sort of handwriting one might expect from Shelley or George Meredith." Actually it was like the handwriting of neither of those dissimilar intellectuals. But that is no matter now; Mr. Shaw snatched at the verses, showed them to a few of the influential critics of the day (Arthur Symons, Edward Garnett, Edward Thomas), and proclaimed that the poems of W. H. Davies would "live beyond question."

That prophecy, now twenty-seven years old, was given on the strength of Mr. Davies' first two books, *The Soul's Destroyer* and *New Poems*. Since then he has produced the five hundred poems contained in this new volume, as well as several prose books, of which one, *The Autobiography of a Supertramp*, has brought him in a steady income of not less than fifteen shillings a week since its publication in 1907.

During these thirty years literary fashions have come and gone. Indeed, poetry itself has almost gone, for following the war-time "boom" of interest in new verse, a slow slump has set in. Mean-

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while, Mr. Davies has sung on, anchored by his own drawbacks to his own excellences, and an increasing public (which he appears not to notice) has gathered to listen. Some of the listeners have grumbled a little—though they have remained to listen—because his song does not alter, forgetting that Keats remarked the same idiosyncrasy in the music of the nightingale that " charmed the sad heart of Ruth."

The fact is that nobody can define precisely the quality of this poet's voice. Many have said that it is like Herrick's; but the comparison is not accurate enough to be convincing. The only thing both poets have in common is a clear knowledge of their own limitations. Herrick had " a certain wantonness "; but Davies has a different wantonness. Herrick was fond of fingering his Muse's petticoat. Davies is much rougher in his approaches.

> Thou shall not laugh, thou shalt not romp,
> Let's grimly kiss with bated breath;
> As quietly and solemnly
> As Life when it is kissing Death,

he says to his Muse; and that is the usual attitude he adopts towards love: a fierce, physical kindness that would have frightened Herrick out of the parish.

Then again, Mr. Davies has been classified as a " nature poet," as though he were an instinctive naturalist like John Clare. But if you examine his verse you find it is made out of a small set of properties: a robin, a sparrow, a cloud, a star, a full moon, some sunshine, a tree unspecified, a lamb and a cow. Our traditional nursery rhymes are equally as instructive and accurate. Yet he is never lacking for material, since,

> When on a summer's morn I wake,
> And open my two eyes,
> Out to the clear, born-singing rills
> My bird-like spirit flies.

Everybody knows what to expect of him. His artifice, his interests, his cunning, are patent to any reader who browses for half an hour amongst his poems. His ideas and prejudices, his sudden starts of superstitious fear, his bouts of literary bacchanalianism, his gleams of social and moral irony, his affectation of naivety: all these qualities become absurdly familiar.

But the secret of his originality remains unsolved. We cannot explain why in this twentieth century, when " nature falls sick, being stung " with petrol, when urbanised humanity is obsessed with economics and aeronautics, Mr. Davies should come, an embodied anachronism, and " babble o' green fields," so that our hearts are filled with warmth, nostalgia, and gratitude; so that our children chant him in the schools, and our latest critics, galled in Cambridge acidity, except him from their general condemnation of all poets who wrote before the year 1928.

The reason may be that the man and his work are completely coincident. His literary convention is so elementary as to be no convention at all, so that the reader sees at once into the core of the writer's personality, perceiving there a simplicity, a gentleness, a self-absorption and innocence comparable to Campion's. So complete unto himself is Mr. Davies that after the first fundamental shocks of his contact with life he has remained impervious to experience, particularly to his later experiences in the literary world. His poems to-day are about the same subjects, and expressed in the same images, as those he wrote thirty years ago. Why, then, does he still interest and entrance us? Because his enthusiasm never flags; and also because it is always sharpening its limited technique to a finer and more penetrating point. I can give an example. His first book, *The Soul's Destroyer*, contains a lyric which begins:

> Where wert thou, love, when from Cwm Barlum turned
> The moon's face full the way of Alteryn,
> And from his wood's dark cage the nightingale
> Drave out clear notes across the open sheen?

Nine years later, in a volume called *The Bird of Paradise*, the idea of that verse is inverted; the bird's music cutting across the moonlight being changed to the moonlight cutting across the bird's song. Clumsy words like " drave " and " sheen " are dropped, and the whole thing is lifted up to a height of tragic intensity culminating in that wonderful and characteristic second line in the second stanza of the following lyric:

> Thy beauty haunts me heart and soul,
> Oh thou fair Moon, so close and bright;
> Thy beauty wakes me like the child,
> That cries aloud to own thy light:
> The little child that lifts each arm,
> To press thee to her bosom warm.

Though there are birds that sing this night
With thy white beams across their throats,
Let my deep silence speak for me
More than for them their sweetest notes:
Who worships thee till music fails,
To greater than thy nightingales.

Comparisons of this kind can be made freely, if the reader is curious to discover why it is that he comes so often to this poet for delight, and is never disappointed. But even so, he won't discover why!

RICHARD CHURCH

ARAN

The Islandman. By TOMÁS Ó CROHAN. *Chatto and Windus.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Man of Aran. By PAT MULLEN. *Faber and Faber.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

It is an ill-wind that blows nobody good. Irish patriots who have been endeavouring for more than a generation to extirpate the English language from their country could never have imagined that they were preparing the way for an English boom in books by Gaelic folk of the remote west. Aran gave us the indefatigable, high-spirited Mr. Liam O'Flaherty, his brother, Mr. Tom O'Flaherty, and now Mr. Pat Mullen enters the race. The Blaskets replied with *Twenty Years A-Growing*, which proved an English best-seller, and follow it up with *The Islandman*, by Mr. Tomás Ó Crohan, the first autobiography to be written by a traditional story-teller.

The Aranmen have all written in English. The Blasketmen have not apparently learnt English yet, for they write in Gaelic, and others have had to put the English on them, as they used to say in the Abbey Theatre. Meanwhile, Tory Island, Gola and half a dozen more islands have yet to appear on the English literary horizon.

The fact that the passive subjects of many Anglo-Irish plays and stories have now become authors themselves indicates what might almost be called a mild social revolution. Only thirty years ago, Anglo-Irish writers discovered the "poetic" peasants of the west and gave us their version of what they were like. These intrepid pioneers had to run risks at times when the suspicious crofters or islanders mistook their note-books for tax-collectors' weapons or little Protestant Bibles. These writers, with the exception of Synge, were careful to observe the lingering class distinctions of their Victorian age. But the Language Revival changed all this. Famous scholars and hordes of students besieged the Gaelic-speaking districts. Native speakers were at a premium and traditional story-tellers, like rustic Abelards, were waited on by respectful admirers. To-day, any man who wants a big job in Dublin Castle must first go to Aran or the Blaskets.

When Mr. Tomás Ó Crohan's book was published in Irish some years ago under the auspices of the Free State Government, wild rumours circulated that this racy, vivid revelation of native life had been subjected to secret censorship by the official Puritans. Certainly this real native product, with its virility, its amazing naturalness, its accounts of desperate hardships, heroic merriment and hard drinking bouts, is an answer to the Tartuffes who have the Free State in their grip. The originality of Mr. Ó Crohan's opening paragraph should set a new fashion in autobiographies were not his experience probably unique:

> I was born on St. Thomas's day in the year 1856. I can recall being at my mother's breast, for I was four years old before I was weaned. I am "the scrapings of the pot," the last of the litter. That's why I was left so long at the breasts. I was a spoilt child, too.

As an historical document alone this book is of rare interest for the light it throws on a lonely group of islands which lie a few miles off the extreme point of West Kerry. We are transported, as if by magic, in the sixties and seventies of last century, to a small rock where life unchanged for centuries in its primitiveness was at the same time rich in its mediaeval colour. Cressets of seal oil burned in the rude cabins where the classic Gaelic poetry of an aristocratic age was still orally recited. A school of porpoises meant sea-meat for a year and freedom from the fear of starvation. A wrecked wheat-ship meant luxury, a lucky harvest an outbreak of marriages among the young. When tea casks were first washed ashore the unwitting islanders used the mysterious grains for dyeing wool. An armed attempt in the 'eighties to collect tribute from this "independent" island, which still has its own king, was repulsed by the women. Mr. Ó Crohan writes of his own people with a shrewd, witty and at times caustic candour that is

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JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD

irresistible. He complains, indeed, that many a good day of his youth was wasted in the company of one of the last Gaelic poets, but his own racy language disproves him. Dr. Robin Flower, one of the greatest living authorities on Gaelic literature, has translated the book into vigorous English. Happily and deliberately he has avoided that synthetic literary "dialect" which is now anathema to most of us.

Although Mr. Pat Mullen writes in an alien language, his English is vigorous and has not been spoiled by wander-years in America. A sturdy island independence of spirit as much as admiration for the labour principles of James Connolly caused Mr. Mullen to prefer the rough seas around Aran to the capitalistic system of employment in America. He must have centuries of story telling in his veins, for in his descriptions of the making of the film *Man of Aran* he seems to draw naturally on those inexhaustible sources of humour and tragedy from which legends spring. As contact man and one of the leading actors, he had to combat fears of the evil eye and of proselytism. Indeed, native enthusiasm proved often as embarrassing as shyness. His father, aged eighty-five, for instance, proudly set off for Galway with strict instructions to bring back a snow-white horse, to be used in one of the sets. He returned with a splendid bay. On being questioned about the white horse, he snapped:

> "There weren't any to buy. There wasn't a white or a cream-coloured three-year-old horse at the fair. Didn't you know very well that I wouldn't leave Mr. Flaherty without a horse if I had to go to Dublin to get one; and besides," he added, lowering his voice and speaking in great confidence, although nobody was listening, "do you think that I'd let any man on Aran say that Johnny Mullen went to Galway to buy a horse and had to come back without one. I'd rather see the whole damn lot of them in blazes first!"

A similar spirit kindled the enthusiasm of the actors, and what proved to be a real epic of the sea was the result. A century ago the great basking sun-shark was chased and harpooned from hookers. Tales of gigantic encounters had been told round the fire-side for generations and when Mr. Flaherty, the producer, in his search for the dramatic, proposed similar hunting in the frail curraghs, the fishermen challenged their own legends. There is a dramatic and tragic note in the fact that an old man on his death-bed revealed the secret of the old harpooners: "Strike on the grey streak under the big fin." Some of the shots showing the tiny curraghs among monstrous waves that rose to forty or fifty feet were excised because they might appear faked to an audience. Nothing is more exciting than the culminating storm scene in which Mr. Mullen describes how Patcheen saved the lives of his crew by a special stroke which the master curraghmen use only on occasions of desperate danger. As we read the breath-taking descriptions, we forget the gas or electric fire and we are listening around the glowing turfs within sound of the western ocean.

AUSTIN CLARKE

WOMEN WHO LOVED

Mary Magdalen. By EDITH OLIVIER. *Peter Davies.* 5s.
Cleopatra. By GASTON DELAYEN. *Dent.* 10s. 6d.

Of Mary Magdalen the word was spoken, "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much." For Cleopatra, Shakespeare at least has implied a similar claim. Both women were experts in the art of captivation, and drew upon all the ancient world's resources to overlay their charm with pageantry. Mary was converted, and lived as a saint on earth; Cleopatra's nobility was in her death, as our tradition has it. But there is a historical, apart from a dramatic, record of Cleopatra. Whether the historians knew the intimate facts or not, they tell us that, inspiring love in others, the Queen was only a schemer. M. Delayen presents her thus, while selecting her, rather confusingly, as an emblem of the compelling force of love; Caesar's love, Antony's love, and perhaps Pompey's love. With Octavian the series broke down and the ambitious Queen, deprived of all hope of empire building, gave her large kingdom for a little asp. The subject is hackneyed; M. Delayen brings to it some description of Egyptian customs, no new information, and eight pages of notes containing enlightenment of this kind: "In calling up some of these figures from the past we have said not only what is known, but also what might be conjectured of them."

In that matter Miss Olivier has done a far wiser thing. She has said not what might be conjectured, but what has been fancied or believed concerning Mary Magdalen. We expect the life of a saint to be partly legendary; the miraculous element itself ensures that. The strict and verifiable facts (if any) about this colourful figure would make only a bald narrative. The Encyclopaedia Britannica has it. Remarking naively, "It is said that seven demons were cast out of her, but this need not imply simply one occasion," the writer goes on to state that she has been "confounded" with the anointer in Simon's house and Mary of Bethany. Miss Olivier, using interesting and curious sources that she admits as questionable, openly "confounds." To many of us it must still come as a surprise to find Mary the Sinner related to Lazarus and Martha as that worshipper who had chosen the better part. This latter Mary had appeared as one innocent of physical pleasures, whose worldly contacts had been ever of the faintest. She passes through the gospels as a haunting shadow. There are no shadows, speculations or uncertainties in Miss Olivier's Life, for where all the origins are apocryphal it would be churlish to reject any of them. Even pictures have been studied and described in detail, so that the artist's vision might enrich the tale.

The result is remarkable. It is a blend of gorgeousness and simplicity, of the sophistication practised by contemporary novelists, and the quiet loveliness of a bible story. Mary's life, as Miss Olivier has gathered it together, contains both these elements. Here is its outline: Mary, heir to the Castle of Magdala and its riches, married the fisherman John, and at their wedding feast the miracle of the wine was performed. John at once left to follow his Master, and the disappointed bride plunged into an extravagant career of vice. Persuaded by Martha to hear Jesus preach she underwent a spectacular conversion, tearing off her jewels and clothing herself in white. There followed the anointing episode, the raising of her brother Lazarus, and her meeting with the risen Lord. She preached in Ephesus, and reached the shores of France in a rudderless boat. After converting the Prince and Princess of Provence by her miracles she retired as a hermit to a cave in the mountains, conquering temptation and inspiring visions, to die at last a saint.

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the novelist's mind rather than from a study of sources. Not all are equally happy in their context, but such a passage as the following is justified by its own beauty :

> The night sounds on the road were poignantly similar to those which Mary had heard before, and they brought again to life the mental state in which she had then passed through them. In times of great agony of mind, sounds and scents seem to fall unheeded upon the senses. One is unconscious of them. And yet, meeting them again, they wake with a torturing vividness every moment of that long-past pain, forcing one to live through it again. Sight and hearing seem then to be the spices which have embalmed the corpse of some unhappy hour, and they now show us suddenly its dead face.
>
> Mary watched once more her horse's ears before her in the darkness. She listened again to the jangling of the harness and heard the sharp tread of hoofs on the road. She started when a startled bird cried by the roadside, and she listened to the long diminuendo of the wild swan's flight.

Here the blending of psychology with description gives a greater vividness to both. SYLVA NORMAN

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The Poet As Citizen and Other Papers. By Sir ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH. *Cambridge.* 9*s.*

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A Guide to Poetry for Reciters and Teachers. By R. L. MÉGROZ. *Pitman.* 5*s.*

Archetypal Patterns in Poetry. By MAUD BODKIN. *Oxford.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Certain books about poetry have a unique power of making one drearily wonder what one ever saw in it. Perhaps they are sent to the reviewer as a trial of faith.

This does not, of course, apply to Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. He is the same old Q, the genial friend and mentor of every nice, modest, well-mannered, not-too-clever undergraduate—one can almost see their ingenuous young English faces turned respectfully towards him as he rambles on. Nothing can sour the milk of human kindness with which Sir Arthur nourishes his academic babes : in an alien, acrid and dogmatic age he remains entirely, winningly good-humoured. Perhaps because art does not, after all, interest him so very much ? That sounds ungracious ; but at least it may be said that he does not always strike one as absorbed in his subject, or even thoroughly conscious what it is. He writes like a man feeling vaguely about for the matches at his elbow.

It follows that there is nothing very new or striking in this book. Poetry, its historic interest, the high opinion poets have always had of it, its difference from painting, its desirability in a gentleman's education : the unpleasantness of egoism : the value of modesty, good citizenship and good manners—all very true, of course. Then there is a good deal about the beauty of the word *home* (for which the French have no equivalent) : pages on Tennyson's early poems : on William Barnes : on Hardy's first novels : on fathers in Shakespeare—though he draws the line at Henry IV, declining to touch on " that queer antagonism, so often repeated in history, between a reigning monarch and his first-born, his heir apparent. Why this should be, and happens so often, I shall not inquire." Is not this a little *too* innocent and gentlemanly ? I thought we all had a pretty good idea why " it should be, and happens so often." But of course Sir Arthur is as staunch to " the gentlemanly side " as Dickens' innkeeper : has he not solved the so-called Hamlet problem by pointing out that gentlemen don't murder their uncles ? But I think he must be using the word in a Pickwickian sense. Surely the quintessential gentleman is Mr. Bingley's brother-in-law, whose one outstanding utterance, remember, was : " Do you prefer reading to cards ? That is rather singular."

Professor Bullough's little book is at the opposite pole : he has too much to say. His aim has been to get in every verse-writer of distinction from the late Victorians to the Auden group, and, though he shows himself remarkably catholic and level-headed, the result is fatiguing. Distinctions are inevitably lost, and poetry tends to appear, in the long run, little but a dull self-conscious grind. *The Trend of Modern Poetry* is a student's text-book—and as such, very good value—not a book to read.

Mr. Mégroz has produced a manual for verse-reciters—what to say, what it is, and how to say it. His great merit is unpretentiousness, but unluckily he has no other. For his poetic standards, his ear and his methods of reciting little can be urged, though modest simplicity is so attractive that one would be glad to try.

The simplicity of Miss Bodkin's work is not on the surface : its title can bear witness to that. Nor is the title the worst of it : on an early page, for instance, occurs the following quotation : " Any lived experience tends to evoke immediately a knowledge of its characters and experiences "—a pronouncement by which I must own myself completely stumped. Yet what the author really has to say is not very baffling. Certain themes are traditional in poetry and legend—the mother-goddess, the earthly paradise, the descent into hell, the eternal wanderer, and so on. It needs no ghost come from the grave—or from the psycho-analyst's consulting-room—to tell us *that*. And Miss Bodkin's " psychological " treatment of those themes and others does not throw very much new light on them : moreover, between jargon and woolliness her book is very nearly unreadable. A laborious honesty is *her* great merit. She is exceedingly well-read, and quotes a legion of authorities quite indiscriminately : she searches her own mind with scrupulous care, handing out everything she can find " for what it is worth," as people say. For instance, at one point in the *Ancient Mariner* she had an image of a crowd of people boarding a London bus. This, she thinks, may be of interest. Of her critical faculty the most that can be said is that she sometimes shies at her own interpretations. Apropos of the Ancient Mariner's " real " crime, " one finds oneself thinking of a more specialised offence—repressed childish lust in regard to one parent and hostility to the other—as the crime which analysis should discover. . . . The insistence of Freudians. . . . should not, however, lead us to prejudge evidence for conflicts of somewhat different character underlying the guilt feeling." Well, that is something. But as a rule she is willing and anxious to stretch any poem or play on the Procrustes-bed of Freudian theory. Of course, the question What is Poetry ? remains intact : but even the easier question what certain poems are *about* can be oddly bungled. To make the Oedipus complex the subject of *Hamlet* may be sound, and is at any rate not ludicrous : when it comes to making it the subject of *Oedipus*, one can only fall back on resignation. " C'est abréger et s'épargner mille discussions

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If there is one blossom that flourishes in the much-publicised and highly profitable cottage-garden cultivated by Mr. Beverley Nichols, it is the tremulous blue flower of sincerity. Let other authors write with their tongues in their cheeks! The huge middle-class public, that has signified its approval of Mr. Nichols' pretty curtains and luxuriant herbaceous border to the tune of some hundred-thousand copies, will only tolerate the "real thing"; and Mr. Nichols' sincerity is gross and palpable. We cannot doubt that it comes naturally to him to write as he does. Parodists may pounce on the more superficial aspects of *A Thatched Roof* and *Down the Garden Path*; but Mr. Nichols is a far better—because an entirely unconscious—parodist of his own inimitable literary mannerism. There are moments, indeed, when the odour of sincerity that mounts from the pages of his new book, *A Village in a Valley*, proves so overpowering that the reader sinks back between laughter and tears, and yet he never loses the conviction that, if Mr. Nichols writes balderdash that even the most envenomed satirist would find it hard to reproduce, he is still writing in absolute good faith. Mr. Nichols writes because write he must. Heaven helps the journalist who cannot help himself.

Thus, every fancy and every trope comes straight from his heart. My acquaintance with Mr. Nichols' previous books is less extensive than it should be; but I imagine that, although equally heart-felt, their tone was a little less lachrymose than that of *A Village in a Valley*, of which the most ambitious chapters are devoted to the pathetic and protracted death-scene of an old lady whom Mr. Nichols and his friends had set up in the village-shop. When Mr. Nichols learned from one of these friends that Miss Hazlitt's long-neglected illness was likely to prove fatal, he left New York and hurried home across the Atlantic, merely to be at the invalid's side. . . . Just think of it! *Mais c'etait plus fort que lui.* He returned to Allways and, to reward his devotion, there sat Miss Hazlitt under the apple-trees, talking about the Spring in a manner that would have done credit to any popular journalist:

> "Have you ever *seen* so many flowers?" she went on. "Look! *They are all doing their best for me, in case I may never see them again.*"
>
> "Please . . . please don't say that."
>
> She put her hand on my arm. It was as light as one of the leaves that fluttered overhead. "But there is nothing to be sad about!" Her face was radiant. "Where I am going, there will be flowers too . . . far lovelier than these."

Miss Hazlitt, as the foregoing paragraphs may have indicated, was no ordinary sufferer. She was an Inspiration:

> For I want you to understand Miss Hazlitt. She was as a lamp in the little village of Allways, a lamp set in a lonely window, and though we often did not realise it, nor admit it, the light from that lamp often lit up our quiet lanes on nights when the skies were sullen black, when we had lost our way.

Like Mr. Nichols himself—though, unlike him, she had not learned to turn her knack to resounding financial profit—Miss Hazlitt had a way, a kind of intuitive sympathy with flowers; and flowers reciprocated her affection:

> And so, I swear, there was this queer magic brooding about Miss Hazlitt's garden in those late April days when life seemed to be deserting her. For the flowers loved her, and were trying to help her. I make no more apologies. I just leave it at that.
>
> For flowers know if you love them.

In face of these quotations, where extreme sincerity is carried to a point at which it is not easily to be distinguished from complete cynicism, it seems superfluous to detail the other episodes of Mr. Beverley Nichols' narrative—the story, for instance, of how, assisted by a young friend, he unearthed some wonderful fragments of mediaeval church glass:

> The two pieces fell apart.
>
> "Leo, old man," I said, "do you mind saying absolutely nothing at all, just for a minute?"
>
> He gulped and nodded. His eyes were very bright.

And I must content myself with this description of a jobbing gardener:

> He was the world's champion waterer. He really loved it. There was a strain of poetry in him, I think. For often, on sultry evenings, I have watched him, a tiny little man with a drooping moustache, holding out a can over the thirsty flowers, with another can dripping on the old brick pavement. And he has turned to me with a sort of ecstasy and whispered, "saving 'em, sir, saving 'em."

It was almost as if he were saving souls, as if the water itself came from "some secret well of the spirit." He, too, was a product of that strange faeryland, where Mr. Beverley Nichols is lucky enough to live.

P. Q.

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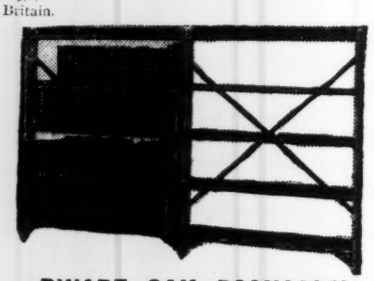

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Masterman Ready, by Captain Marryat, was a favourite book of mine when I was nine years old, so that when a copy came into the house the other day, I was pleased at being asked to read it aloud. This turned out to be difficult since skill was needed in skipping and still more skill in bridging the gaps. Even then the story lagged in the most unbusiness-like way. Yet as we dawdled along through palmetto groves and over coral strands, some pictures became indelibly impressed upon the mind. The plot is that afterwards employed by Sir James Barrie in *The Admirable Crichton*. Masterman Ready the old sailor, is in the title-role, while the genteel family of Seagrave, who are introduced as successful New Zealand colonists, reveal themselves as the most helpless bourgeois parasites dependent upon him in every detail of their lives. Except for the strong evangelical flavour, the book would serve admirably as anti-bourgeois propaganda. Mrs. Seagrave shows her gentility by her frail health, but she is safely shunted into the capable and comic hands of Juno, the black girl. Mr. Seagrave, being a gentleman, does little more than appear in a top hat and a swallow-tail coat throughout the book and acquiesce in Ready's deferential suggestions. The child hero, William, is a character who is found in almost all boy's books: he does the most interesting work, has the most exciting adventures and is old Ready's constant companion and favourite. Much the most original and vocal member of the family is little Tommy, a child who is invariably presented as an object of ridicule and contempt, who is always naughty and always being punished for his ignorance and folly.

* * *

Tommy throws stones at a caged lion which nearly grabs him through the bars, throws stones at the goat which butts him over, is tumbled head over heels by pigs, kills beetles unnecessarily, is pinched by a crayfish (like Fritz in *Swiss Family Robinson*) and when he declares he will eat it out of spite, he is not allowed to have any since food must be eaten thankfully and not spitefully. Worst of all, after being condemned to go without his dinner for putting a live cinder in his little sister's hand, he devours a number of berries which naturally enough turn out to be castor oil beans. He narrowly escapes being given a second dose of castor oil by his Mussolini mamma. Every accident that befalls him is due to his own stupidity and carelessness. The hands of all men (and of God) are lifted against him: he is a real enemy of society, young, helpless, ridiculous, and contemptible, yet consistently a rebel. The following passage in which Tommy asks to be the one to go with Ready to explore the island is typical:

> "Take me," said Tommy. "Take you, Master Tommy!" said Ready laughing; "then I must take Juno to take care of you. . . . I must have either Juno, or your brother William."

Without Tommy, the Seagrave family would be colourless indeed, and the stay on the island like an enormously prolonged visit to Whipsnade. The massive reviews in this week's Supplement to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION show how little books written for children change, but Tommy Seagrave, who gave so much vitality to books written for young Victorians—Tommy Seagrave has disappeared. He was a stock figure like Punch or Pantaloon, but a strange conspiracy against naughty boys has swept him out of existence. There are no Fidgetty Phils, Augustuses, Johnnies Head-in-Air, or even Matilda Greens, for naughty girls have vanished too. It is a great pity for it makes being naughty oneself much worse if it is not recognised as part of the scheme of things. It is far better for a child to believe that it is a Tommy Seagrave than for it to think it is in some way abnormal. Threatening a child with hell is better than threatening it with Bedlam, and the parent who has his child analysed as soon as it can walk, or who lets it see that he is alarmed because it is not aware that it is a social unit in the community, *is* threatening it with abnormality and cowing it into accepting the tyranny of the majority. Children are individualists, and rebels, and it is strange that the generation which rebelled successfully against Victorianism are taking such pains to bring up their children as anything but rebels.

* * *

Arthur Ransome's new volume *Coot Club* (Cape, 7*s.* 6*d.*) has appeared in time to inflame many thousands of heads at Christmas with plans for sailing next Easter on the Broads, and I was delighted to find the hero has the courage to cast off the moorings of a motor launch full of beastly people and to set it adrift. Unfortunately this wicked action is universally condoned, and worse still is prompted by a higher morality in the boy. He risks running the launch aground for the sake of a nest of hatching coots who have been disturbed by the B.B.C. programmes. However it is technically lawless and a good beginning. Perhaps in his next book Mr. Ransome will make one of the children steal Mr. Hugh Walpole's clothes while he is bathing in Derwentwater. Real villainy such as this would be much appreciated. Mr. Ransome seems to have felt that the Swallows were old enough to leave the nest and that it was time, in old-fashioned parlance, for the Amazons to be putting their hair up. So we do not even hear of the Jacksons and the Blacketts are only casually mentioned by Dick and Dorothea, the two children who won their way first to the North Pole in *Winter Holiday*. They have no notion of sailing, but everyone is most helpful and they soon learn, without ever being laughed at or capsizing the boat. Compared with the three earlier books (*Peter Duck* is in a class by itself), *Coot Club* is as flat and monotonous, yet almost as charming, as the country through which the Coots sail. Fortunately the hero-boy, a local product, has, by setting the launch adrift, made himself enemies, powerfully equipped, rich and blatant, who rush up and down the Norfolk Broads swamping birds' nests and seeking vengeance. Many are the ruses he employs to slip through their fingers. When at last they do catch up with him, it is to suffer such an overwhelming disaster themselves that the vendetta is forgotten. Yet in spite of the hateful hulla-balloos hunting Tom Dudgeon through the book, there is an extraordinary peacefulness about the story. Mr. Ransome has described sluggish broads, the excitement of watching the crested grebes, dabchicks, and divers, of hearing the bittern and the grasshopper warbler, and the strangeness of seeing the distant sails tacking about, as it seems, across the land, as well as he described the feeling of Westmorland in *Swallowdale*. It is this feeling for country rather than the feeling for children which always makes me read each of Mr. Ransome's books before Christmas, although I know that I shall have to start reading it aloud on Boxing Day. Mr. Ransome plunges his readers into a dreamlike world, where all is better ordered, luckier and pleasanter than life. The world he describes has more in common with Mrs. Ewing's *Hector* than with Richard Jefferies' *Bevis*. Jefferies makes his boys quarrel and sulk. They are individuals whose characters develop as they grow up, and are powerful enough to influence us for the whole of our lives. The Swallows and the Amazons never change. I have always felt that their delightful adventures, perhaps the chief of which came from having Captain Flint as an uncle, were wasted on them. Thus I am glad that the whole crowd of them has gone. There were too many of them and they were not passionate enough. An admirable innovation in *Coot Club* is that village boys appear and at moments talk their own language. Perhaps in a future volume Mr. Ransome will describe the contact of the wild children of the Westmorland farms, clattering over the rocks in their clogs, and riding ponies bare-back, with some thoughtful little star-gazer like Dick. One detail in *Coot Club* disappointed me: the *Teasel* does not visit Barton Broad. At Barton Turf, Tom would have been in perfect safety from his enemies and Dick and Dorothea would have loved watching old H—, I seem to have forgotten his name, weaving osiers into baskets like an ancient Briton.

DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

Storm in Shanghai. By ANDRÉ MALRAUX. Translated by ALASTAIR MACDONALD. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.

Heaven's My Destination. By THORNTON WILDER. *Longmans.* 7s. 6d.

Now We Set Out. By SUSAN ERTZ. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 7s. 6d.

Never-Ending. By BARBARA HUGHES-STANTON. *Secker.* 7s. 6d.

White Angel. By JOHN HEYGATE. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

English translators have a somewhat unfortunate habit of publishing foreign books under titles that they themselves have invented. Thus, *Storm in Shanghai* conceals the identity of a novel that won the Prix Goncourt last year. *La Condition Humaine* is not a phrase for which it should be difficult to find an euphonious English rendering, and has the incidental virtue of expressing the novelist's train of thought. The subject of M. André Malraux' third novel—as of the rather unsuccessful work that preceded it—is far more extensive than the background of revolution and agitation against which it is placed. True, *La Condition Humaine* has to do with Shanghai and with the ill-fated Communist rising of 1927, bloodily suppressed by the Kuomintang generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek; but it is also concerned with broader and more fundamental issues. M. Malraux knows China and the interactions of the Far-Eastern Communist party from first-hand acquaintance. His earliest book, *Les Conquérants*, was an account of Borodin's short-lived dictatorship at Canton. M. Malraux has himself dabbled in revolutionary politics; but, if he is a revolutionary, he belongs to the class of insurgents who interpret the aims and methods of revolution according to their own very personal and, at times, highly unorthodox creed. For M. Malraux the violence that accompanies any great social upheaval is less a means to an end than a kind of psychological necessity. Violence, he seems to insinuate, may satisfy the cravings of a profound spiritual hunger; and the revolutionaries and reactionaries whom he describes—the terrorists, torturers and thugs—are, almost without exception, men possessed. Only secondarily are they the products of their social environment; primarily, it is an inner need that drives them to bloodshed.

Neither Marxians nor Conservatives will approve of this book. The critics of the Left will see in it a type of distorted individualism that as respectable Communists—and Communists can be very respectable—they should find extraordinarily antipathetic; while even a blackshirt might recoil from its extreme brutality. Without question, it is not a book for the very sensitive. One of the last scenes, in which, after the failure of the insurrection, the Communist prisoners lie waiting to be executed or tortured to death—and in which Katow gives away the tablet of cyanide that was to have procured him a comparatively merciful end—reaches the limit of lugubrious horror. There are moments when the harshness of the effect defeats its purpose. China is a country where nothing is impossible, where human life is cheap, and reaction and revolution adopt peculiarly atrocious forms. Yet a suspicion arises that the novelist is inclined to drug himself with the images of agony and death, and that *La Condition Humaine*, at its most extravagant, is a sort of opium-fantasy. M. Malraux, nevertheless, dreams with passion; and that alone should recommend him at the present time. His nightmares, however perverse and strangely tormented, are a distinct relief from the shallow day-dreaming of the average story-teller.

After revolution, comes revelation. The condition of human life, says M. Malraux, is to suffer pain and to endure loneliness; and through the character of George Brush, a travelling salesman who wanders round America peddling school-books and attempting to disseminate ideas, Mr. Thornton Wilder has exemplified this truism in in his own innocuous and far less ambitious way. *Heaven My Destination* is a diverting book. George Brush does his best to put into practice the text which requires of the true Christian that his light should shine forth among men; and he is disappointed that its effect should not be more powerful. He is a muscular evangelist on the heroic scale. So simple-minded that he allows himself to be taken to Sunday dinner at a brothel—which his callous cronies describe as a fine example of American family life—he is Candide and Don Quixote rolled into one, and his misadventures are both pathetic and exceedingly funny. The narrative is written with admirable gusto; though the tone of the closing chapters seems inclined to flag.

George Brush had theories about wedlock. His great desire was to meet the farmer's daughter whom he had inadvertently robbed of her innocence, and to settle down and found a "real American home." Unlimited good-will, so he considered, should provide a solution of all problems. . . . But the theorist, alas, is even worse equipped for marriage than for other branches of human activity; and the man who flounders in at the deep end is at least as likely to learn the elementary principles of the matrimonial breast-stroke and trudgeon as the man who rehearses his movements before taking the plunge. Such, at any rate, is the inference one draws from novels. *Now We Set Out*, *Never-Ending* and *White Angel* all deal with the more painful aspects of an extremely painful and hazardous situation—that of being married; and each shows us its protagonists in some distress, gasping, choking, spluttering and mutually expostulating, while the luckiest are rather desperately treading water. Miss Ertz allows her characters to reach the edge; but Mr. Heygate and Miss Hughes-Stanton are quite implacable.

Miss Ertz, however, uses a life-buoy. I have yet to discover why unexpected information that a woman is with child should be assumed to produce an instantaneous solution of the bitterest domestic differences; but this miracle occurs in *Now We Set Out*. Lita and Stephen were perfect companions; but Stephen could not forgive his wife for an early love-affair with a man, now dead, who in his will had left her the sum of seven thousand pounds. Stephen's family were ruined by the slump. Lita, therefore, after doubling her capital by speculation, presented the whole amount to Stephen's mother, informing Mrs. Perryn that it was hers by right, since she had won it in the Spanish Lottery, for which Lita had purchased her a ticket. Stephen unmasked her harmless deception. . . . In jealous rage, he deserted his wife and home, and was reconciled only when he heard that Lita was pregnant. "Now, perhaps, we shall begin to *live*," thought Lita gratefully. . . . Fade Out, in the best tradition of the talking-films.

Miss Ertz's story is conventional but nicely written. *Never-Ending*, too, is a sensitive and honestly constructed piece of work; but, in view of her somewhat monotonous and repetitious theme, Miss Hughes-Stanton has chosen her title a little unwisely. Arnold was a selfish and unfaithful husband. Careless, moreover. When he set off to Paris with one of Celia's best friends, he was foolish enough to leave a receipt for two first-class tickets in his collar-drawer. So Celia divorced him. But divorce did not release her from his influence; and the struggle that had begun during their married life was continued in the characters of their children. . . . Adrian, on the other hand, did not divorce Mary. *White Angel* is a well-written and, at moments, moving and exciting story of adventures in the Tyrol, near the post-War Italian frontier. Mary succumbed to the fascination of a smuggler named José—he was one of those ugly, irresistible, inarticulate men; the kind of peasant of whom Lawrence loved to write—and had ado with him in a warm and odorous cowshed. Adrian pretended sleep when she came back to his room; but the motives of his magnanimity remain obscure.

PETER QUENNELL

THE DEVIL AMONG THE DEMOCRATS?

Great Democrats. Edited by A. BARRATT BROWN. *Nicholson and Watson.* 10s. 6d.

The declared object of this anthology of biographical and critical essays from well-known pens is to provide a mellow counterblast to the overblown trumpets of dictatorship. Among the forty essays here, about a dozen have real merit. It was, I hope, no sign of unwilling defection that I found my principal stimulation in two contributions upon characters the inclusion of which must have given Mr. Barratt Brown some qualms. Indeed, he confesses so much of Marx, very ably dealt with by Mr. Postan. I think also that Mr. Brailsford's wholly first-rate effort on Godwin, in conjunction with which it is wise to read Mr. Middleton Murry's interesting *Shelley*, must have caused him similar anxieties.

Perhaps with some preconception I read these essays first; so provocative were they that the remainder of the book seemed to group itself around the speculations aroused by them. And this was fortunate, for as is inevitable in a book of this sort the collection lacks plan.

The influence of Marx upon democratic movements has been enormous, yet it cannot be denied that his thought has given

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rise to one of the most formidable challenges to democracy. Mr. Postan, however, says of him that his claim to rank among the democrats rests upon his inconsistency. The thesis, which forms the basis of an admirably presented account, is quite inacceptable. If Marx had any democratic faith at all, then it rested upon very different grounds. Mr. Postan's sketch of Marxian thought develops normally until he reaches the concept of "class war." According to him this is a definite twist given to Marxian thought by Marx himself, Mr. Postan, indeed, calls it a *substitution* for the theory of the social relations of production; and when he thus upsets his chair I confess I want to boot the whole table over! It is at this point, the author makes clear, rather than at the ultimately extraneous Labour Theory of Value, that Marx's philosophy makes contact with politics. That is correct, but insufficient, for many anarchists begin thus. But while Mr. Postan admirably insists that democracy implies not only a belief in representative institutions or a dislike of violence (does it imply this latter?) but a belief in a certain scale of moral values, he says Marx's adhesion to this was the result of an "inconsistency . . . if anything above the average." True, he adds that "Nowhere, however, does the liberal inspiration of Marxian ideas emerge more fully than in his conception of the future socialist order." Nor was his advocacy of Parliamentarism against the anarchism of Bakunin an inconsistency. It was merely a question of tactics; precisely the same recommendation can be found in Lenin's *State and Revolution* when he urges that the broadest conditions of struggle are the best. In so far as one is discussing Marx's claim to be a democrat, it seems to me that the debate must spring not out of the mere class struggle theory, but the materialist doctrine of the State which it entails, that the State is a repressive instrument in the hands of a dominant class.

Mr. Brailsford's *Godwin* enables one to get one's bearings upon the solution of Marx's case. It is not Godwin's deft pricking of the Social Contract Theory bubble, nor his fantastic doctrine of universal benevolence which matters; but his forthright denunciation of all government as evil. As Godwin observed government, the doctrine was true enough. But "the merit of it all," Mr. Brailsford says of that shamefully neglected book *Political Justice*, is "that his honesty provided the perfect refutation of his premises. The reasoning was sound, but the conclusions were impossible. Clearly then, the premises were at fault. *Political Justice* is the *reductio ad absurdum* of individualism." That may be so if one takes the individual as an existent fact instead of regarding real individuality as a thing yet to be created.

But Marx's attitude towards the State at least reduces this violent reaction to order. There must be many Marxists of the opinion that all government by States is principally an evil, for the State itself is a reflex of the class struggle. According to such thinkers and to use a cheaply bandied phrase, when classes have disappeared the State, like Mr. Yeat's lonely of heart, will wither away. This may be to reason by the rubric of optimism, but no doubt the residual administrative machine would be more accessible to minorities than the present machine, and, by definition, non-repressive. It is thus that Marx's faith in the Liberal values is revealed as being in perfect consistency with the revolutionary dictatorial elements in his thought. But if a "here-and-now" quality is essential to true democratic faith then Marx was not a democrat. Perhaps after all there are really two kinds of democrat, the here-and-now and the ultimate sorts.

Of the selection of names Mr. Barratt Brown has made criticism can only be personal. Is such a "tory democrat" as Disraeli a tory or a democrat? The breed has always seemed to me to love democracy so long as it serves to maintain autocracy. Nevertheless, one omission from Mr. Barratt Brown's otherwise careful selection is really deplorable. Since the Editor has decided to include foreign leaders why did he not make room for Francisco Giner de los Rios, of whom Professor Trend has recently said that he was the spiritual father of the Second Spanish Republic? An educator, like Mr. Barratt Brown, living by a democratic faith in a land of repressive institutions, Giner chose as his instrument the most purely democratic of them all, the imparting of the spirit of free inquiry.

Along with excellent contributions on *Mill* and *Edward Carpenter*, Mr. Bertrand Russell's keenly written *Tom Paine*, Rudolf Olden's *Stresemann*, a really valuable piece of work, and Mr. Cole's *Cobbett* impart a suggestive power and varied richness of interest which make of this an important book.

RALPH BATES

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NEW LIGHT ON POPE

The Early Career of Alexander Pope. By GEORGE SHERBURN. *Oxford University Press.* 15s.

There are few human activities more painful to contemplate than scholarship. A parody of the scientific method in its parade of exactitude and vigour, scholarship has neither the excitement nor the justification of scientific research. The additions to human knowledge made by those who meticulously collate, annotate, and demolish their predecessors, are seldom of the slightest importance or interest to anyone. And when the scholars turn from the works of the unreadably obscure, from "Mulitius and Solinus," Benlowes and Shadwell, to attempt the works of greater writers, the result of their labours is too often a dense sediment of footnotes encumbering the text and a bored suspicion in the reader: the poets are concealed from us by crusty, insensitive and priggish old gentlemen.

> Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain,
> Critics like [these] shall make it prose again

And yet more deplorable is the scholar tracing "the influence of somebody upon something" through quotations and appendices and an inability to understand either life or letters.

Few poets have suffered more than Pope from such dunces. His friend and chosen editor Warburton was a heavy-handed, unscrupulous, untruthful christian controversialist. He had for editors, the idiotic Bowles, the priggish Croper and the infamous Elwin. The Victorians hated him savagely as a deist and classicist, believed and repeated the libels of his enemies, and pounced on his "edited" letters, his tricks and underhand dealings, taking the blackest possible view of everything, and arguing that because he was certainly a bad man, he must be a bad writer.

Mr. Sherburn differs from the majority of scholars in some important respects. He does not hate Pope, he is intelligent about human beings—unfortunately he says little about Pope's writing, though what he says is always just and sensible—and he can write an interesting narrative in critical style. It is to be feared that

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his book will not have so wide a success as it deserves, since it is impossible to write a life of Pope that will be accurate and truthful without discussing a great deal of detailed evidence. Mr. Sherburn's accuracy is impeccable, and his gift of arranging his facts in an intelligible narrative should make his book accessible to the majority of readers. But it is not one of those biographies which are said to be driving out the novel.

The great success of the book, and the justification of Mr. Sherburn's scholarship, is that it really alters our view of the character, and hence of the poetic qualities, of a major English poet. And Pope is not merely a fashionable poet of the moment, but a sympathetic and congenial poet with some of the interest of a contemporary for us. It is a sign of the book's importance that it seriously affects the conclusions of Miss Sitwell and even Lytton Strachey. Miss Sitwell's view of Pope as a romantic over-sensitive and invalid member of the Sitwell family, has always been most dubious. Strachey's "fiendishly clever and spiteful monkey," though more plausible, was based on the Victorian view of the facts of Pope's life. Mr. Sherburn shows us a much more robust, common-sense, gay and high-spirited character. He shows how Pope was always a target for politically and religiously biased attacks, more brutal and spiteful than any of his own retorts, and that he was more often victim than aggressor. He clears up much of the mystery surrounding the Addison quarrel, and indicates Pope's behaviour. In numerous minor quarrels he shows that Pope was impulsive and hot-tempered rather than discreditable or mean.

Though Mr. Sherburn does not deal with Pope's life beyond 1727, before the great days of the satires and the Dunciad, his book does much to change our ideas as to the aesthetic qualities of the satires. By destroying the legend of the spiteful, treacherous, miserable and solitary cripple, and showing us the successful, popular, rash and hot tempered real character, he destroys and reinforces corresponding impressions of the satires. We cease to look for the rather legendary "rapier wit" and "poisoned dagger," the deliberately calculated and long-meditated epigram. And we are confirmed in an impression that we admire Pope's work because it has the qualities of great poetry. Certainly there is immense skill and most careful rehandling behind Pope's effects. But they are produced not by a genius for taking infinite pains—only charlatans and bores take infinite pains—but by a tried and practised genius. Writing satiric poetry is a violent and skilful intellectual exercise, not a business of finicky exactitudes. Pope's most devastating couplets are crushing very largely because they have the contempt of casual asides, conversational in effect, in the rapid movement of the poems. The Victorian critics—and Miss Sitwell resembles them in this—had a curiously slow notion of writing verse: a notion that corresponds only with the romantic technique. The business of translating Homer must have given Pope an immense amount of practice, and skill, in handling the heroic couplet: the result was that he could write his satires easily and naturally, and express any mood or temper, with a highly perfected technique to hand. He was using a precision weapon, a power tool. How irresistible to take a flying shot at fools or enemies.

Yet the main effect of Pope's satires is not of a spiteful, or even angry man attacking his personal enemies. There is a good sense in the tone, a power and strength in the total effect, a terrific driving force in the weight and speed of his great verse paragraph that goes far beyond even the best personal lampoonings. Mr. Sherburn, by destroying some of the Pope legends has done a great deal to make this poetry available to the modern reader.

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AN ADMINISTRATOR

Sir Robert Morant. By B. M. ALLEN. *Macmillan.* 12s. 6d.

A life of Sir Robert Morant has been long overdue, for it is nearly fifteen years since he died. Few civil servants of modern times have made anything like the same impact on our administration. Immensely able, with an energy not less remarkable than his physique, relentless in pushing his schemes through, ambitious in the sense of caring greatly for the ideas he believed to be urgent, he was the kind of man whom any minister with a big scheme on hand must pray to have by his side. He had, no doubt, his faults. He did not easily placate opposition. He was utterly remorseless with the colleague who was content to let things slide along the easy path of routine. As he would do great things in a great way, he would also, as in the case of the famous "Holmes" circular, make immense mistakes. But I doubt whether in the last half-century there has been more than a handful of civil servants with his own combination of energy and vision. On any showing, it is a remarkable record.

Dr. Allen has written a most competent monograph about him, even if it is hardly inspired. We could have done with less about his Siamese experience, and with more detail about the actual way in which Morant did his work. We should have liked more of Morant's own correspondence in which his own personality was wont to emerge with vigour. We should have liked to hear the impressions of more of the ministers who worked with him, very notably Mr. Lloyd George, and of those younger civil servants many of whom, like Sir John Anderson, Sir Claud Schuster, and the late E. F. Wise, did their first big work under his guidance. Above all, we should have liked a much more considered account of the Kekewich episode for the light it throws on vital aspects of the civil service problem. Sir Robert's career, in short, is really an index to the modern phase of the administrative process. It illustrates as effectively as any the questions of the relation of the official to the minister, of the brilliant subordinate to the routineer head of a department, of the official to the public, of inventiveness in administrative technique. Such a monograph as Dr. Allen could have written would have been a permanent contribution to our institutional history. What he has done gives us glimpses of these problems. But it hardly serves to throw them in the foreground of the narrative.

In the short space of two decades Morant's achievement is amazing. The Education Act of 1902, the remaking of the Board itself, a new spirit in the Board, the creation of the Health Insurance system with all its immense administrative apparatus, the transformation of a not very impressive Local Government Board into the modern Ministry of Health, all this he accomplished, often in the face of vigorous and defiant opposition. The record, for example, of his famous fight with the medical profession over the Health Insurance Act is alone epic in character. He not only won, but he converted some of his leading opponents into warm admirers of his ideals. And it is characteristic of him that, having fought Mr. Lloyd George stoutly over the Education Act of 1902, he should have been his supreme instrument in the battle over

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health insurance. Morant forgave everything, except lack of courage and energy. Once a man had these, there was no effort he would not make.

What was his secret? Essentially, I think, the combination of three qualities. He had the imagination to think out a big plan, the physical energy to work out its detailed application, and the courage to go on driving away at its necessity, whatever antagonism he might arouse. It has been said that a public service cannot afford many Morants; they set too hard a pace. The answer, I think, is that no service can afford to be without a Morant in any department which has special relevance to changing conceptions of social need. Men such as he are an assurance that the thing needed to be seen will be seen, and that the necessary administrative action will be forced upon the attention of ministers. Not only that. Men such as he are an inspiration to their colleagues. They form a school of administration the traditions of which live on long after they are gone. They may make big mistakes; that is the price of their quality. They are, of course, rare enough: in our generation only, perhaps, Sir Eyre Crowe and Sir John Anderson have rivalled Morant in quality. But so long as our service method discovers, and knows how to use, men of this calibre, we need not fear its ability to meet the needs of a critical time.

HAROLD J. LASKI

NATIONAL PLANNING

Plan We Must. By JOHN STANFIELD. *Hamish Hamilton.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

This is a provocative book, strong on the critical side, not very helpful on the constructive. Mr. Stanfield, as his title implies, is resolute for planning, but equally resolute to dispel the illusions of some planning enthusiasts. He writes as a Marxist, but a heretical one, and a good deal of his argument will be unpalatable to Socialists, and anathema to the straitest sect of the Communists. He not only argues that Marx was wrong in a number of his predictions; he repudiates the general assumption of a proletarian Socialism substituting itself for capitalism by revolution. That was possible in Russia owing to the peculiar circumstances. It is a very different matter in a country such as Britain, with its advanced industrial development, its powerful bourgeoisie, its largely "bourgeoisised" working class, and its new middle class of technicians, engineers and administrators. Mr. Stanfield does a good deal of "debunking" of Soviet policy and methods. But he applauds the Bolshevik leaders for their "adherence to the fundamental principle of Socialism, the planned control of national economy."

His main purpose, however, is not to pass judgment on what Russia has done, but to consider what Great Britain ought to do. As to that, he declares, there can be no doubt. Our old industrial predominance, established on the basis of free trade and capitalist internationalism, is gone and cannot be recovered. Capitalism is in collapse. There is no alternative to national planning save chaos and decay. But the difficulties are formidable. There are, of course, apathy, shortsightedness, sectional interests and ignorance to be overcome. There is also the fact, which Mr. Stanfield admits, that national planning involves a drastic restriction of individual liberty in economic life—though that will be compensated by a material improvement for the masses, and it need not, and should not, as he insists very strongly, involve the regimentation, violence and cruelty that we have seen in Russia. But this is not all. Economic nationalism is the order of the day, and we, like everyone else, Mr. Stanfield holds, must accept it. Unlike some other countries, however, such as the United States and Russia, we cannot be self-sufficient, with whatever thoroughness we may plan, within our own island—except at a miserably low standard of life. Can we then put our hope in a "planned Empire"? Mr. Stanfield regards this as our only salvation. Yet, after surveying the prospects, he concludes that "at times the difficulties seem insuperable." They do indeed. In another passage he tells us that "the American experiment is far more significant for historical development than the Russian, for it is taking place in the economically most advanced country of the world, the dominant power in world affairs. It is there that the alternative between Socialism and chaos will be decided." That may be true. But how, if Mr. Stanfield's other arguments are sound, is it going to help the poor devil of a Briton? C. M. L.

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NAVAL ISSUES AND OCCASIONS

Sea Power in the Modern World. By ADMIRAL SIR H. RICHMOND. *Bell.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A Searchlight on the Navy. By HECTOR BYWATER. *Constable.* 10*s.*

The Submarine Peril: The Admiralty Policy in 1917. By ADMIRAL EARL JELLICOE. *Cassell.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Riddle of Jutland. An Authentic History. By LANGHORNE GIBSON and VICE-ADMIRAL J. E. T. HARPER. *Cassell.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It was high time that a little plain common-sense should be brought into the arguments of naval experts, and it is Sir Herbert Richmond's chief merit that he makes a successful effort to bring it. It would perhaps be unfair to describe his book as an essay in blending Mahanism with economics, but none the less his thesis amounts to this, that economic considerations make a good deal of what is said of sea power—with invocations to Mahan—just so much nonsense, because sea power in the popular meaning of the phrase is impossible under modern economic conditions. There is not a State on earth that could afford to possess sea power in the sense of possessing a fleet equal to any and every task that policy may think fit to call upon it to perform. The first essential, therefore, in discussing the political implications of sea power is to relate the fleet to the tasks which it must perform, and to the money available for its maintenance as a fleet. Sea power to Japan means a very different thing from what the same phrase means to Britain or to France, and arguments on equality are therefore futile, for there is really no common standard of function. Sir Herbert bids us define the fleet's task first—in our case, defence of our shores, which means to-day something rather different from what it meant in 1914, defence of essential food supplies, defence of our Empire. Our fleet, therefore, is pre-eminently a cruiser convoy fleet, and it is on that basis that we must meet our rivals on negotiations. Here, requirements, he holds, are absolute, and in a naval conference he would let each nation decide its own *numbers* and limit *size*. The attack on the big ship is the most controversial and the ablest part of an able book. He has no difficulty in showing that a race in bigness is due to unintelligent confusion of thought, that the defence of bigness is due to-day,

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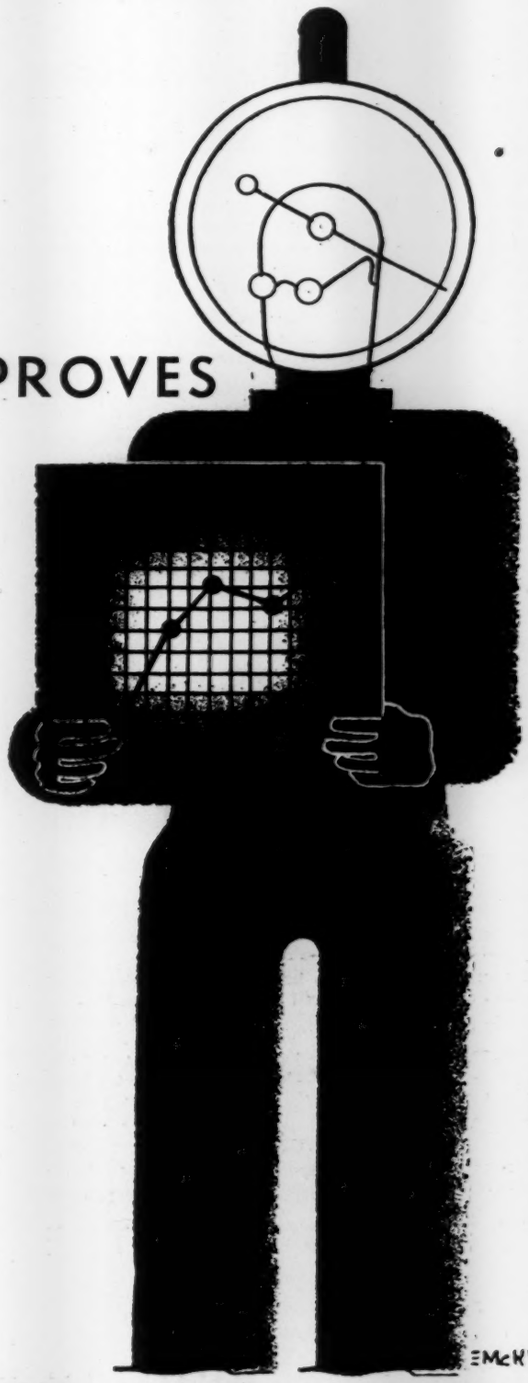

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in good part at least, to the submarine, whose abolition as a useless and terribly expensive weapon he advocates strongly, and points out that, if limitation in size is conceded, an armaments race is at least unlikely and if it comes is unlikely to mean economic ruin.

This is a book which deserves close study. It is difficult to summarise for it is not written to a thesis, but contains a thesis on every second page and nearly every one of them is worth considering, alike from the naval and the political point of view—the very well balanced view of the place of aircraft in naval warfare of the future is a case in point—and the very practical suggestions with figures for a sane naval policy strike one as the most sensible yet printed by a professional student. It reposes on the excellent thesis that if we think soundly on function we shall find a sound policy, both naval and economic, of construction.

The sense of reasoned balance which distinguishes Sir Herbert one misses in Mr. Bywater's book. That is possibly not his fault for his chapters read like assembled *ad hoc* review articles, a form of literature which wants something a little more heady. But he is surprisingly often in agreement with Sir Herbert and there is much in his collection of great use to the student. There are also some original observations, one at least of which one wishes he had developed, the surprising rise, in a world of falling prices, of the cost of naval construction and the reasons for it. The figures here cause one to blink.

If these two books deal with issues, the others deal with occasions. Perhaps Earl Jellicoe's contribution to the history of the naval war, however, ought to go into both classes for it deals, and very pertinently, with the submarine issue. It is his defence of the Admiralty policy for which he was responsible, for dealing with the U-Boat menace and the story of its triumph. Most of it is highly technical, but the conclusion is plain enough and that is, that, given a proper policy, we can always defend our communications against submarine attack. That is the important bit of the book, not the account of arguments with politicians *plus* the inevitable slap at Mr. Lloyd George.

The last book is a rather highly coloured account of Jutland as the centrepiece of the naval war and is intended to tell the truth—which is, that Earl Beatty nearly lost us the battle and Earl Jellicoe nearly won it—won it, that is, in the Nelson sense. The intention of the authors—one presumes that Mr. Gibson supplied the style and Admiral Harper the raw material of fact—is made plain almost from the very beginning of the description of the battle, a description by the way that, allowing for its bias, is very successful, vigorous, clear and even moving. Beatty is the villain of the piece. Inconceivably rash, according to the narrative, at the opening stages of the battle, he was within an ace of losing all his cruisers and actually "suffered a defeat of a nature never before experienced in the Royal Navy." Inconceivably prudent at the last stages, he might have achieved crushing victory, "had he really wished for battle," and actually robbed Jellicoe of another Trafalgar. The balanced, if warmly phrased, estimate of Jellicoe is in rather striking contrast to the bitterness of the attack. That Beatty's actions are in every case defensible is nonsense; he was not at his best at Jutland. But that he was guilty first of unpardonable rashness and then of still more unpardonable cowardice is simply not history, at least not "authentic history" and it is a pity that the authors by personal bias make unsuitable for the general what is otherwise a good and exciting popular history.

R. T. CLARK

GENERAL LEE

R. E. Lee. A Biography. By DOUGLAS S. FREEMAN. Vols. I and II. *Scribner.* 15*s.* each.

After Captain Hart's *Sherman* and General Fuller's *Grant* and *Grant and Lee*, another biography of R. E. Lee was almost inevitable, but it is not until one gets well into the first of these two volumes that one senses any inevitability in the choice of Mr. Freeman as biographer. He was an excellent choice. He has none of the pre-war romanticism about war nor the sense of style that distinguishes Henderson, but he writes vigorous plain English, understands military operations and seems to have not only disinterred but carefully examined every scrap of information that could conceivably be of any use to him. The biography is planned in the grand manner. These two volumes take us down no farther than Chancellorsville, and there are two more to come, in the last of which we are promised a considered estimate of Lee as a commander. The postponement rather hampers

the reviewer who, after all, will judge Mr. Freeman by the wisdom of that final judgment, and who is left with a long factual narrative, very detailed and deliberately made anecdotal. But at any rate he can say that the narrative is very well done and carefully revised; there are no major errors, only a slip or two. There is no adulation—Mr. Freeman quite admits that the youthful Lee had a certain priggishness about him—no attempts at laboured defence of what is indefensible and the occasional judgments have a considered look about them that ensures respect even when one is inclined to deprecate. The opinions of others are freely quoted but Mr. Freeman has a healthy independence and is not afraid to give in detail his own view and the reasons for it. One need mention only his investigation of Jackson's conduct in the Seven Days which in the present reviewer's opinion settles the matter, his estimates of Lee's work in Mexico, of the decision to fight at Sharpsburg, of the unfortunate campaign in West Virginia and, turning to politics, his explanation of Lee's decision to leave the United States Army when Virginia seceded. They all leave the impression of exhaustive work and sound judgment and with the brilliant descriptions of the actual fighting make one hope that the completion of Mr. Freeman's task will not be long delayed.

SHORTER NOTICES

People of Importance. By J. H. DOWD and B. E. SPENDER. *Country Life.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Dowd's first book of child studies, which contained some delightful sketches of children in the gardens and on the beach, was published in 1930, and had a great success both in this country and in America. In the present volume, he has increased his field of action considerably. His sketches range from a day nursery to the Eton and Harrow match, from life on the farm to a visit to the circus. It is good to see that in this collection Mr. Dowd has been allowed to retain more freedom of line, with the result that we get some excellent examples of that remarkable capacity for portraying subtle movement which is so characteristic of his work. This book should be appreciated by everyone, even people who hate children.

Far Eastern Front. By EDGAR SNOW. *Jarrolds.* 18*s.*

To Mr. Edgar Snow, a young American journalist who has spent several years in the cities of China and Manchuria, goes the credit of having written one of the most lucid and interesting studies of the Sino-Japanese situation that has yet appeared. Mr. Snow has few illusions about the Kuomintang party as, under the leadership of Chiang Kai-shek, it is at present constituted; but he has even fewer about the military clique, headed by General Araki and others, that directs Japanese policy on the mainland. His point of view is almost passionately anti-Japanese. Mr. Snow has too clear an insight into Japanese plans and has made too close an examination of Japanese methods to believe that the inauguration of that unfortunate young man, Pu-yi, heralds a period of peace, prosperity and liberal government. The best chapters in the book are those in which he is writing as an eye-witness. He witnessed the Shanghai fighting, saw the gallant, but hopeless struggle put up by the Chinese army, and visited the neighbourhood of the River Nonni soon after General Ma's spirited resistance had been broken down by the superior equipment of the troops he was called on to face. Of Japanese "frightfulness" at Shanghai, Mr. Snow has many appalling stories to tell. Portraits of Chiang Kai-shek, Chiang Hsueh-liang, his father, "The Old Marshal," and Colonel Dohihare, sometimes nicknamed "the Japanese Colonel Lawrence," whose machinations did much to pave the way for the successful Manchurian *coup*, complete the effect of this informative and dramatic volume.

The Music of Parry and Stanford: An Essay in Comparative Criticism. By J. A. FULLER-MAITLAND. *Heffer.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

In the preface he contributes to Dr. Fuller-Maitland's comparative study of Parry and Stanford, Sir Henry Hadow stresses the continuity of the art they served, and their faithful guardianship of its tradition. Dr. Fuller-Maitland is at his best in his analytical criticism of the music in which they both excelled, and at his worst in what may be called his Imperialistic attitude towards continental music and musicians. As Parry wrote one opera which was never performed, and Stanford several, one or two of which were moderately successful, we have some crisp criticism of the public for preferring foreign opera and foreign opera singers, much of it beside the mark; for, outside opera, the field Parry and Stanford cultivated was free from foreign competition. The value of the book lies, however, not in its criticism of the public taste for foreign music, but in its warm, yet discriminating appreciation of the work of two distinguished native composers.

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Owing to the unprecedented demand from readers of the "New Statesman" for this informative work, the publishers are continuing to offer the Encyclopædia on "subscriber's terms." The complete 36/- work will therefore be sent under plain cover and post free on receipt of 29/6 only. (If C.O.D. 31/3).

FRANCIS ALDOR

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are all a little smaller than life, but probably because no one has arisen to give them in letter press the comic vitality with which Mr. Low endows them in his cartoons. It is into this field, though more earnestly and realistically than his Victorian prototype, that Mr. Swartwout has made a welcome excursion. His conceit is to suppose that Randolph Churchill did not die a failure, but lived to stamp his personality and points of view upon the politics and policies of the countries. The names are slightly disguised, but the personalities of the leading protagonists of his story, which runs from 1895 to 1933, are rarely in doubt, and those who care for an adventure in the might-have-been will find the ramifications and implications of Randolphian policies entertaining in their way, though whether they would have been an improvement on the particular muddle we actually endured is perhaps a moot point.

Suffolk My Country : With Something of Fleet Street. By O. R. WELLBANKS. *Heath Cranton.* 3s. 6d.

Mr. Wellbanks opens this pleasant but rambling autobiographical study with stories of Suffolk, its people and its industries, notably agriculture, to which the earlier years of his life were devoted. Those who know the country and friendly mannered people, will find much to please them in the opening chapters, though they will hardly agree that they are inclined to look askance at strangers. The latter part of the book is devoted to the business side of London journalism, and would have been improved if the author had mentioned names instead of disguising them. One thing, however, is clear enough, Mr. Wellbanks was connected with the *Nation* when it lodged in Adelphi Terrace.

About Motoring

PITY THE POOR PEDESTRIAN

THE lot of the pedestrian has changed extraordinarily since those far-off days when he was the sole traveller on this plane. Even then danger beset him in the shape of wild animals and unfriendly fellow pedestrians; but the combat was at least tolerably equal by contrast with his modern duel against tons of metal moving at high speed. If a thrilled architect could be given the job of designing a new city on virgin soil to suit modern traffic, he would naturally locate his sidewalks and shop fronts some 15ft. above ground level. Graceful bridges would span the sunken streets at short intervals, and the most rheumatic old woman would go shopping without a qualm. Nor is it only in the city that the pedestrian nourishes a bitter and justified resentment against the march of progress. No longer can he agitate his liver into unconscious and smooth functioning by a daily walk in the country. Many of the footpaths are gone, absorbed into the carriageways widened to meet the demands of voracious traffic. By day the leviathans almost suck his vulnerable body into their slipstreams as they streak past, whilst he flattens himself in fear against the hedge. By night their brilliant searchlights dazzle him, and he suffers from the terrifying suspicion that the Jehus, themselves dazzled by a car roaring up from astern his tail, are quite unconscious that he is there. Alike in town and country the incessant widening of all thoroughfares enhances the obvious perils of every crossing. The authorities furnish islands, and he dives from island to island and from kerb to island much as years ago he played prisoner's base in the school playground. He suffers all the sensations of a helpless anachronism.

Suddenly there dawns on his affrighted horizon a star of hope in the rotund person of Mr. Hore-Belisha. It is rather early to pass a verdict on the white gridirons which coax him to venture his soft body in the maelstrom of noise, motion and carbon monoxide. An observant student of London traffic, as modified by its myriads of orange beacons, can arrive at no sure conslusions. There is a marked deceleration of traffic, which is a grievous nuisance to us all. For the pedestrian in London is never a hundred per cent. pedestrian. However impecunious he may be, he travels on a bus as often as on his feet; and he chafes at the slowing of the buses. In moments of affluence coupled with unreasoning haste, he may charter a taxi, and chafe again at the blocks. Neither is there any great access of confidence for pedestrians. Possibly this is due to the novelty of the crossings, and the fact that London daily welcomes a multitude of provincials, who are not yet educated. Possibly it is due to the existence of three separate types of gridirons, viz., those which are controlled only by beacons, and as such are permanently valid; those which are controlled by robot lights; and those which may or may not at any given moment be controlled by a point constable. So the innocent, timorous pedestrian on sighting a gridiron must put himself through a minor catechism before he risks a tentative step off the kerb. Is there a bobby in the vicinity? Are there any robot lights? Both questions being conclusively answered in the negative, he surveys with grim and justified suspicion the rather hesitant battalions of buses, taxis, and other projectiles and wonders whether they will reverence his right of way or not? Add to this the fact that the bolder and more agile pedestrians, inspired by grievous haste and little gratitude to Hore-Belisha, persist in filtering across the fairway at their own sweet will wherever they see a gap, without clinging to the sideway until they reach an orange. The result is an angry impatience amongst motor drivers, and a considerable confusion and uncertainty in the pedestrian mind.

Several suggestions deserve to be considered as all these problems receive a gradual solution. Education will probably train both motor driver and pedestrian to make the best possible use of pedestrian crossings; the existing hesitation need not be more than temporary. In excessively congested areas where speedy traffic is essential to urban efficiency, we may ultimately ginger up our courage to achieve a revolution in English law, and forbid pedestrians to enter the carriage way except at appointed crossing places. This single audacious ruling would reduce the number of road deaths quite appreciably, and would do something to cut time wastage. But when these two improvements come to pass, the congestion of vehicles would still be appalling. Since the cost of widening the streets would be prohibitive, and would in itself enhance the grave risk to pedestrians, the basic remedy may be identified in getting some of the vehicles off the streets. This can be effected on paper in quite a number of ways. A Socialist government might even cut the Gordian knot by eliminating the private car in certain areas. Peeresses would be forced to use the bus for shopping instead of their Rolls. After all this question is at bottom a class question. A single bus, carrying eighty bourgeois or proletariat contributes much less to traffic congestion than forty private saloons, carrying two persons apiece. If public opinion rejects the class solution, various technical possibilities remain quite inadequately explored. For example, if the buses passing through any London thoroughfare at almost any hour be closely observed, a number of them are more or less empty. A Kingston bus carries two entirely distinct classes of passengers. It contains one or two persons who are actually going to Kingston, and perhaps fifteen who are travelling a mile or less in the Kingston direction. If the Kingston buses started from a point two miles out, passengers for Kingston would have to change buses. Except in gorgeous weather, they would often prefer to travel by railway, and similarly many other travellers with destinations several miles out would choose the tube if a bus journey involved a change. Suppose then that the buses operating in central London all disgorged their passengers and turned back at points on (say) the two mile radius. People and vehicles who at present assist in congesting Central London streets, would be driven on to the railway or underground. If in addition some of the tubes were duplicated, and ran additional services in their second tunnels at the rush hour, we might achieve a great relief of street congestion coupled with a great advance in road safety, and a slight rise in traffic speed, or rather return to the speeds attained before the Belisha beacons imposed so many halts and hesitations on our street traffic.

R. E. DAVIDSON

Week-end Competitions

No. 247

Set by Naomi Royde-Smith

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best English Epigram on Capital Punishment in four lines of rhymed verse embodying a translation of the suggestion: "Que messieurs les assassins commencent."

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, December 14th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

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If fiction be your preference DYNASTY by Samuel Morse is a fine novel on saga lines. And in a lighter vein, a cockney page-boy sees life at the revolving door in GATHERS NO MOSS by J. C. Walker Smith.

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RESULT OF COMPETITION 245

Set by H. A. L. Cockerell

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a transcription in the manner of Mr. Ernest Hemingway of either the Romeo-Juliet dialogue in the Balcony Scene, or the Macbeth-Lady Macbeth dialogue after the Murder.

Report by H. A. L. Cockerell

All the competitors knew their Shakespeare, and most, their Hemingway, but unlike our younger novelists they found difficulty in sustaining their impersonation.

A large majority chose Macbeth. Hemingway's style is well suited to horror, and the terseness of the Murder Scene lends itself to transcription; but some of the phrases lack good prose equivalents. Thus, H. C. Riddell damaged a good entry by copying down in the middle: "And 'God bless us,' one said; 'Amen,' the other." Daggers became knives, carvers, choppers and cuchillos. L. V. Upward had an inspiration when he rendered "the multitudinous seas incarnadine" by "Reckon if I washed 'em in the Red Sea I'd make it some redder," but like others, he tended to confuse Hemingway with Hollywood. The best of the Macbeths, besides those mentioned above, were Sach Novics, Le Huit, B. H., and Guy Hadley.

Among the Romeos, Allan M. Laing was amusing. The following, for instance, is good Hemingway. "How did you get here, darling, with the high wall, and the family laying for you?" "I love you, darling. I wouldn't let little things like that stop me."

But the First Prize should go to P. Polson for economy of method and the moonlight simile, while the Second Prize Sach Novics just carries off from Le Huit.

FIRST PRIZE

ROMEO AND JULIET

"How did you get in?"

"Over the wall."

"Darling, and it's so high. They'll kill you if they find you."

"I should worry."

"They know who you are."

"Be sweet to me, then. I don't mind the rest."

"I should hate it if they caught you."

"It's pretty dark. If you were sweet to me it would be nice to be dead."

"Darling. Who told you the way?"

"No one. I just knew."

"I suppose I ought to be blushing. It's maidenly. You wouldn't be able to see if I did. Darling, do you love me? Say yes, quickly and I'll believe it. Don't be too emphatic, or I'll know you don't mean it. Just say you love me. Perhaps I ought to frown and be perverse then you'd be persuading me and that would be nice. The truth is, dear Mr. Montague, I like you too well for that. You can think me a whore if you want to, darling, but I'm not, even if I do seem simple."

"Look at the moonlight, it's clear like gin. That's how I love you."

"That's a fine way to love. Full every month."

"What d'you want me to love you like?"

"Like you. I adore you darling. It would be nice if you'd love me like that."

"Darling, I'm crazy in love with you."

"Oh, well. Never mind. That'll do for this evening. It's all too quick. It frightens me. Good-night, sweet. It'll be lovely when we see each other next time. Good-night, sleep well."

"Is that all I get?"

"What else do you want. We can't do anything here."

"Say you love me."

"I said so long ago."

"D'you want to take it back?"

SECOND PRIZE

"Give me the knives." She was quite calm. She held the knives away from her body so as not to mark her dress as she went upstairs.

There was an awful din of knocking at the door. Mac cowered. "What's that? Christ how it scared me. Will I always jump at every sound? Oh dear God," he moaned, "I feel stained, stained, stained. I shall never be clean again. To kill my friend as he sleeps. Blood, blood everywhere."

He heard her coming back.

"What cowards men are," she said proudly, "my hands are bloody, too, aren't they? But I don't moan. Listen to them knocking. Darling, we've got to stick together now. Let's go to our room, and clean ourselves up. We must get undressed. It'll look better like that. Darling, don't think those bad thoughts any more. Everything's going to be alright."

"Oh that knocking. It goes right through my head. Wake Duncan then, wake him," he screamed suddenly. "Dear Christ, I wish you could."

SACH NOVICS

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PROBLEM 102

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TYONO	NSEIF	XOEIO
EAOTY	IINER	TRONN
OAHXT	TRNRX	EINOE
AITYI	XITTI	INSII
ARENO	EIRTR	TYRNI
RNTYI	TOTXI.	

PROBLEM 100.—TRIXIE

This was a cryptogram, solved by cyclical elimination. First the 4th letter is taken; then the second after that; then the fourth after that, and so on. This gives the message

"MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF YOUR BIRFDAY.'"

"What has 'Alice' to do with it?" asks one solver. The answer is that the "Rule," which the King reads out at the trial, is quoted as "Rule 42."

Trixie seems popular, so I offer this week another somewhat similar puzzle.

PROBLEM 99.—FIVEBEAN'S FARM

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: J. C. Seddon, 40 Kenyon Road, Wigan.

There were 224 correct solutions. *Four* points are awarded.

MISCELLANEOUS

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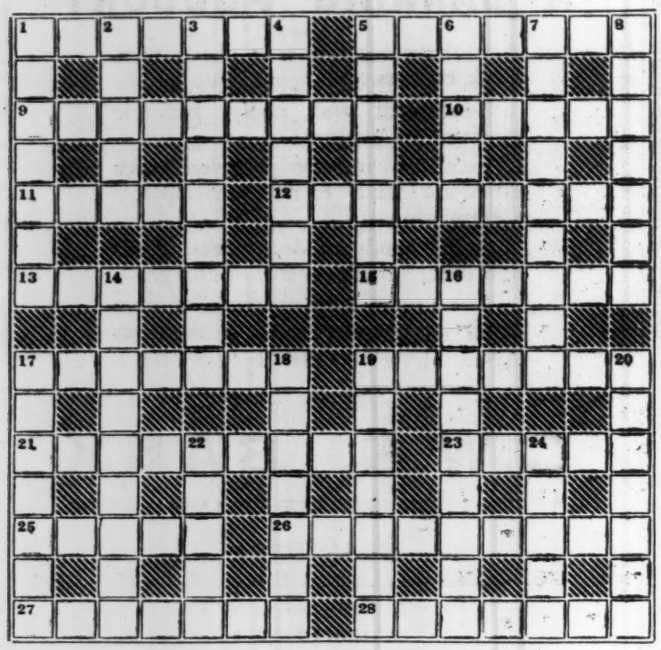

Set by L.-S.

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17. Stevenson's were asinine.
19. In spite of his name he's not a commanding officer.
21. It sounds a dry paper.
23. It's a bore but can be made to agree.
25. One of these figures is matchless in winter.
26. Does this give the page its form?
27. Often shifted during playtime.
28. How the cat and the fiddle and the cow, etc., cheated?

DOWN.

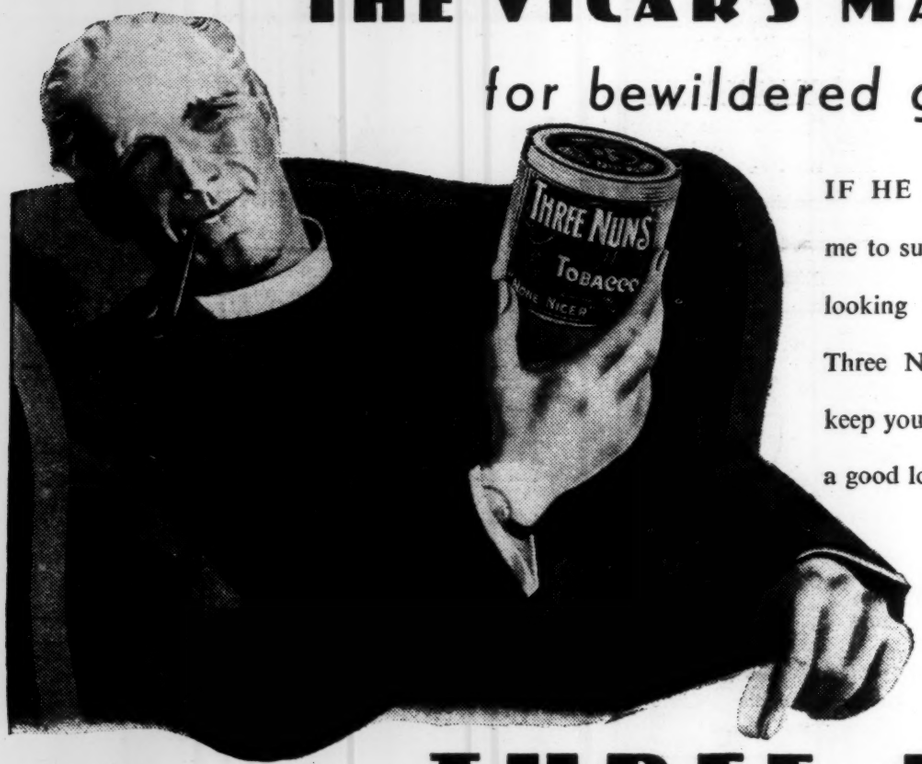
1. Paved the Way.
2. It would seem that land in the water would never be in the market.
3. It would be ungrateful for a dentist professionally to inspect such a present.
4. This flower if sleeping evidently was not left to lie.
5. Homes are often built on broken ones.
6. Twice the price coloured.
7. Formation of "Sesame."
8. Chose or chosen.
14. The climber's bag?
16. Things in heaven and earth not in Horatio's philosophy.
17. Often all the grounding a dancer has.
18. The first glance will show the sort of spirit this poet had.
19. It's bound to go away.
20. Came a cropper agriculturally.
22. Comparatively reduces speed.
24. The third witch wanted it made thick and slab.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

C	U	P	A	N	D	S	A	U	C	E	R	■	T	■
U	■	S	■	E	■	P	■	N	■	S	■	P	I	N
T	H	E	C	L	E	R	K	E	S	T	A	L	E	■
T	■	U	■	U	■	I	■	A	■	A	■	A	■	A
H	O	D	■	M	I	N	A	R	E	T	■	S	N	U
E	■	E	■	B	■	G	■	N	■	E	■	T	■	L
C	A	P	T	O	R	■	B	E	D	S	T	E	A	D
A	■	I	■	■	S	■	D	■	■	R	■	L	■	■
C	O	G	N	O	V	I	T	■	S	T	R	O	M	A
K	■	R	■	C	■	L	■	O	■	W	■	F	■	N
L	E	A	■	T	R	E	A	C	L	E	■	P	I	G
E	■	P	■	A	■	N	■	T	■	L	■	A	■	S
■	T	H	E	V	I	C	A	R	O	F	B	R	A	Y
S	E	A	■	I	■	E	■	O	■	T	■	I	■	N
■	D	■	M	A	R	R	Y	I	N	H	A	S	T	E

THE VICAR'S MAXIM

for bewildered gift buyers



IF HE smokes a pipe, allow me to suggest one of these fat-looking half-pound tins of Three Nuns tobacco. It will keep your memory fragrant for a good long time.

●

½-lb. *tin with screw-on lid* 9s. 8d.

¼-lb. *flat or airtight tins* 4s. 10d.

THREE NUNS

The original tobacco of curious cut

Issued by STEPHEN MITCHELL & SON, *Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., St. Andrew Square, Glasgow.*

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Charity cannot end where it begins!

The number of charitable organisations claiming our sympathy and help does not grow any less, and each year at the Christmas season appeals from many Institutions, all equally worthy, come tumbling through the letter-box or arrest our attention in the press. It is so difficult for us to make up our minds as to which to support that we are apt to shelve them all and so no organisation benefits. Between now and Christmas there will appear in this paper a series of notes and appeals to guide readers' generosity at this time.

THE N.S.P.C.C.

In 50 years this Society has intervened in 4,000,000 cases of cruelty. This sounds an almost incredible number when the enormous progress which has been made in child-welfare is considered, but in carrying out its objects, which are to prevent ill-treatment, wrongful neglect and improper employment of children, also all conduct by which life, limb or health is wilfully endangered or sacrificed, or by which morals are imperilled or depraved, the Society has arrived at the following interesting conclusions: That income plays little part in cases of wilful neglect and cruelty, that the public as a whole is opposed to anything that would injure a child, that poor people will often make any sacrifice in order that their children shall not suffer and that many cases still go unreported because people do not know of the Society's existence. To overcome this last problem the Council makes an urgent appeal for funds to enable it to appoint more inspectors, for when these are at hand the confidence of the public is gained and more cases of ill-treatment are brought to light. Inspectors investigate these cases and, having warned parents or guardians, exercise a careful and constant supervision. If neglect or cruelty continues, then prosecution is resorted to, but not until all other means of improving the children's conditions have failed, for the Society exists to prevent cruelty and not primarily for the punishment of parents. All donations should be addressed: National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C. 2.

THE SALVATION ARMY

The Salvation Army is again this year fighting hunger in the distressed areas. It has no less than ten Motor Food Kitchens working from selected centres of destitution in Great Britain. Last winter 27,000 gallons of hot nourishing soup, representing 200,000 meals, and 20,000 meals consisting of meat, vegetables and a sweet were given away free of charge. In addition, 50,000 meals were sold under cost. Three other districts are urgently needing Motor Kitchens to alleviate distress, but each Kitchen completely equipped costs £350. This work is being carried on in addition to all the other multifarious activities of the Salvation Army and none of the regular work is curtailed on account of it, but funds must be forthcoming if it is to be maintained and augmented in these districts and introduced into others as yet unserved. Subscriptions can be earmarked particularly for this service. As usual, parcels of food and clothing are being distributed from the Slum Posts and Christmas dinners are being provided for those people whom the Army is especially looking after in its Institutions and Homes. Last year 146,000 guests were entertained in this way. Other activities of the Salvation Army include maternity homes and work, homes for children, emigration, prison work, general social work amongst men and women, naval and military homes, etc. Gifts for any branch of the work should be sent to the Headquarters, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

WAIFS AND STRAYS SOCIETY

In these days of disillusionment Christmas still remains an exciting time for children, and even the most modern parents keep up the Santa Claus myth. Both to those who have experienced their children's joy on seeing some eagerly wished for gift arrive and to those who have no children of their own, the Waifs and Strays Society appeals for gifts of toys or money to bring cheer to its large family at this season. There are 4,500 stockings to be filled, 4,500 mouths to be fed on Christmas Day, and this is only a particle of the work to be done. Tireless workers are continually bringing children out of unspeakable surroundings and putting them into the homes of the Society, where they have a chance to grow into healthy and useful citizens instead of becoming warped both in body and mind. It is the proud boast of the Society that no really destitute child has ever been refused, but a great deal of money is required to provide food, clothing, education and training for the boys and girls, besides the care of babies, cripples and tubercular cases. To all who are interested in the betterment of social conditions here is a chance to help in the early days of life those who if left in their sordid surroundings would at best carry on the slum tradition, or at worst people the police courts. Send your gifts to the Secretary, Old Town Hall, Kennington, London, S.E.11.

A Child's Gratitude

We wish that you could see the conditions that some little ones are suffering—and even more that you could see the happiness brought to thousands every year through the help of the National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Over 4,000,000 (think of it!) have been ensured a happier life since the Society's foundation. You can earn some little one's gratitude by sending a Christmas gift to-day to Wm. J. Elliott, Director,

N·S·P·C·C

VICTORY HOUSE, LEICESTER SQ., LONDON, W.C.2

Chairman: THE VISCOUNT ULLSWATER, G.C.B.
Vice-Chairman: F. P. WHITBREAD, ESQ.
Hon. Treasurer: ALDERMAN SIR G. WYATT TRUSCOTT, BT.

THESE FIRST...

Please!

PLEASE REMEMBER OUR TINY TIMS. WE HAVE 4,500 CHRISTMAS DINNERS TO PROVIDE.

Will you help?

WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY

KENNINGTON LONDON S.E.11